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that I felt sure would be a short cut to my hotel, and it was. It was several blocks long and full of dark skinned men in robes. In the open doorways and sitting on the steps in front of the doors were many dark skinned obese women and native men were entering and leaving.

It was midnight when I reached my room after an interesting experience in the women's quarter of Alexandria.

Sunday, Jan. 2, bright, clear, and warm. I slept well and late. After breakfast I settled my account and took a taxi to the railway station. The American Express guide was waiting for me with my ticket and I was soon installed in a compartment. The train left at noon and reached Cairo at 3 p.m. I had an excellent luncheon on the train. The country through which we passed was perfectly flat, dark in color, irrigated, with many canals, and green with a good growth of berseem clover, wheat, barley, and vegetables. Palm trees were scattered over the landscape and along canals and boundary lines between fields. Many stacks of grain could be seen and straw and cotton stalks were piled high on the tops of flat roofs of the mud houses. The people lived in small villages of mud brick huts, the huts built in solid rows with narrow streets between. Both men and women wore gowns, the men's generally black and the ^{we} men's white. Many domestic animals were to be seen, especially buffalo, camels, donkeys, some sheep and goats, but not a single pig. The warmth of the sun, the blue sky, and the green fields made it feel springlike. Within sixty miles of Cairo we began to see the yellow sand hills far off on the horizon which came nearer as we approached the city. Also the pyramids at Ghizeh came into view.

Upon recommendation of the guide at Alexandria I went to Sheppard's Hotel. It was a large structure, much like a seaside

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resort, situated on the main street, and it seemed to be the center of tourist trade. I was given a narrow, dark room, with bath, on the main floor of a sort of annex in the rear nearly a city block from the main entrance.

I felt strongly inclined to take a nap, but it seemed that minutes in such a strange city as Cairo were too precious to waste ~~any~~ in daylight. In addition to my natural curiosity I felt under compulsion of time and opportunity to see something of the city before dark. On the street I was immediately surrounded and pestered by guides and shoeblacks competing for my attention and crowding about me in the rudest manner until I felt like driving them off with my stick. I walked as far as the military barracks but saw nothing of special interest. I bought some postcards and a small guidebook. In a small restaurant opposite the hotel I had a pot of hot tea and felt better for it. In my room I read the guidebook until supper time.

At 7.30 p.m. I inquired my way to the dining room. It was a very large and ornate room. The supper was excellent. I saw several of my fellow passengers from Syracuse in the room. As soon as the sun set the temperature fell and my room was uncomfortable cold. I filled the bathtub with hot water to take some of the chill off and went to bed early to keep warm.

Monday, Jan. 3, clear and warm during the day. After making up the laundry, laying out a suit to be pressed, leaving films to be developed and a watch to be repaired, I proceeded to the American Consulate. There I found some mail. An employe of the consulate went with me to the statistical bureau in the old Savoy Hotel building. I was informed that Mr. Craig, the British adviser, was out and it was agreed that I should call the next morning.

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After luncheon at 1 p.m. I asked the hotel clerk about office hours in the government service, intending to call at the ministry of agriculture, and was told that they were from 8.30 a.m. to 2 p.m. It was then too late to attempt to see government officials, so I hired a carriage to do some sightseeing. We first drove to the great mosque of Sultan Hassan. The driver said the towers were 280 feet high and the central dome under which the sultan is buried is 180 feet high. I entered in order to climb up into one of the minarets and take some pictures. The interior was rather dull in appearance, the floors bare, the walls gray, and many lamps dangled at the ends of chains that hung from above. The doors were very ornate. The climb to the top of the minaret was a little difficult because of the narrow space on the spiral stairsteps and the complete darkness in places so that it was necessary to feel one's way. There was much dust everywhere. From the balcony of the minaret one has a fine view of the city, the river, the pyramids, of Memphis, the citadel, and the great mosque of Mohamed Aly.

Next we drove to the Tombs of the Caliphs, which cover a square mile or more beginning at the Citadel and running back into the rubbish-like sand hills near the great limestone quarries. More than any other cemetery I have seen, unless it be the great cemetery at Buenos Aires, this one is most like a city of the dead, because the individual tombs, which are shaped like oblong boxes of stone with a headpiece and a footpiece at the ends, are inclosed in a roofless house of stone that has doors, windows, and sometimes a wall fence and garden or yard space, just like a dwelling. Scattered through the cemetery were a number of large mosques and many small ones. Many of the structures appeared to be very old and were in bad repair. Near the cemetery were short streets occupied by poor people with many children, goats, and chickens. Wherever we

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went we were greeted with the persistent and annoying cry of "Bucksheeth, bucksheeth," which was as automatic as the squawk of a chicken. The great mosque of El-~~Haxx~~ Azhar, which we passed, dates from the tenth century and is said to be the most important Musselman theological school in the world. It was said to have 300 teachers and 15,000 students who came from all Mohammedan countries.

The Citadel rests against the eastern escarpment of the Nile valley and comprises a large group of buildings surrounded by imposing stone walls. Among the buildings are several mosques, one of which has a number of beautiful slender minarets that shoot up like columns or sharply pointed needles.

Leaving the Tombs we drove through the native quarter of the city, a section of narrow streets, little shops, and bazars, crowded with robed men, veiled women, and chattering children, many of the little girls carrying babies strapped to their backs. The inhabitants of Cairo, of which there were nearly a million, were colorful and interesting. The city was said to have about 300 mosques, or about the same number as the cathedrals in Rome.

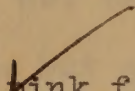
After leaving my kodak in my room I went to the restaurant for a cup of tea. Returning to the hotel at 5 p.m. I found waiting for me Mr. J. I. Craig, chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Ministry of Finance. We had met at Rome and he was very cordial, but was a little difficult to talk to because of his deafness. He explained that his bureau had charge of all the statistics of the government, except that the Ministry of Agriculture had a statistical division which it was expected would in time be transferred to the central bureau. He said that a census of population was to be taken in February and that one of the first steps that had to be taken was to mark the streets and number the houses on them in all the towns and villages so that the census enumerators could

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visit them without omissions or duplications. While talking I asked him if he would have anything and he suggested tea. Tea for two was brought, which cost me \$1.50. However, it was good tea.

At supper in the evening the dining room was brilliantly lighted and full of gentlemen in full dress and ladies in beautiful evening gowns. The supper itself was rather disappointing and the service poor.

(Wife, Jan.3,  pink folder.

"Cairo, Egypt, 3 January 1926.

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"Here I am in the land of Moses, the City of the Caliphs, land of pyramids, mummies, and the Arabian Nights.

"This morning I went to the American Consulate and found a nice batch of letters, including your lovely Christmas letter of December 1 and a letter from Mother of December 8. Yes, dearie, I am sorry I could not be with you this time at the trimming of the Christmas tree, but glad that you had Mrs. Crozier and Mr. Currier with you, and that you have added Miss Belle Saunders to your list of friends. She is a lovely woman, a lovely character, and has more sense than a host of other people. I'm glad also you got Mr. Currier's piano for Thelma and I do hope she will learn to play on it well enough to enjoy it.

"My last letter was to Mother from Syracuse (Sicily) on December 28. The next day I left by train for Catania, which is a large city on the east coast of Sicily that I never heard of before. For a part of the distance the road followed the seashore. The country was flat from one to five miles from the sea, very rocky--white limestone--and planted to olive orchards, mandarines, and vineyards, with some wheat or barley in between. All had to be irrigated. Off on the hills every few miles was a castle, and the country was full of caves. The prettiest thing about it was the great patches of a low-growing, wild, sky blue iris. It is a two hours ride from Syracuse to Catania and as we approached the latter city I could see some small mountains to the north, over which hung some clouds. Then I saw a most beautiful rainbow span the distance from one mountain peak to another. Then as the clouds lifted and separated a little I saw a great mountain beyond. At first I could hardly believe my eyes. The lower half of the mountain was in shadow

and blended with the dark rain clouds. Above that was a great peak reaching right up through the white clouds above and covered with a ~~white~~ blanket of dazzling white snow that could hardly be distinguished from the white cloud masses about it. It was Mount Etna, the highest volcano in Europe, that has been shaken so often by earthquakes.

"Reached Catania early in the afternoon, and after the usual customhouse formalities, which fortunately were greatly simplified by the fact that the Italian officials took my passport for a diplomatic one, I went aboard the S.S. Sardegna, bound for Alexandria, Egypt. We were three nights and nearly three days on the water. The steamer was large and comfortable, the service was good, the passengers were nearly all Americans, the sea was fairly calm, and the weather was lovely. New Year's eve we had one of the loveliest red sunsets I have ever seen. That night quite a large party saw out the old year in the lounge. A young man with a magnificent voice played the piano and sang, and an old, comical lady with bobbed hair accompanied him. And what do you suppose they played? Why, a lot of negro melodies and campmeeting songs. It did our hearts good and kept us all laughing to hear them. Then, in the first hour of the New Year a small party, of which I was one, adjourned to the second class passenger lounge, where the same young singer and player, accompanied by some of the Italian members of the crew with violins and guitars, played some popular and classical Italian music. We finally adjourned at 2 a.m.

"Arrived at Alexandria, the principal port of Egypt and nearly as large as Washington, Saturday afternoon, January 1. Here, you will remember, was the greatest library of ancient times that was destroyed at the time of the invasion of Alexander 332 B.C.

"After getting settled in a nice hotel I started out to see the town, just like a boy with no responsibilities, curious, interested, and not knowing what wonderful things I might see. I absolutely refused to accept the services of any one of the dozen or more guides who swarmed about me, because guides spoil everything. For the same reason I rarely ever look at a guide book. I want to see things with my own eyes and not with the eyes of other people.

"First off I came out into a long narrow park with rows of tall palm trees and ornamental plantings underneath. Looking in one direction I could see the great concrete promenade, the fine harbor, the great breakwater separating the bay from the open sea, and many pointed white sails of fishing boats, and to one side a picturesque dismantled fort. Turning in the other direction I walked a short distance and saw a small group of Arab bootblacks, which suggested that it might be well to have my shoes polished. I pointed to one of them and the whole bunch precipitated themselves about my legs--and others came running from all directions. It was a regular charge of the bootblack brigade. They were so rough that I kicked loose and headed for a street policeman and the brigade broke ranks.

Then I walked for several hours through the market places, the bazars, the little Arab rat-hole runways, watching gowned Arabs, Copts, and Negroes of all descriptions in their little five-by-five cobbles, open to the alleys, spinning, weaving, making shoes, jewelry, copper, and all sorts of curious things. There's lots of color, life, interest, dirt, smells, poverty, disease, and misery to be seen on the streets of Alexandria. Also it's the first city since leaving South America where no picture postcards were to be seen.

"The next day, Sunday, I made the two and a half hour trip from Alexandria to Cairo, the capital of Egypt, a city somewhat larger than Baltimore and situated on the River Nile at the head of the great

Nile delta. I came through the Delta from Alexandria. It is a perfectly flat country, all under irrigation, with rich muck soil, many canals, and little mud-dauber villages of one-story mud houses, built solidly together, every half mile or so. Although it was Sunday work was going on in the fields as usual. Most of the fields were covered with luxurious green wheat or clover. Great shocks of maize (corn), with stalks ten feet or more in length, and great stacks of cotton stalks were to be seen everywhere. In fact, most of the roofs of the mud-dauber villages were covered with great piles of corn- and cotton stalks. As for livestock, camels were the principal item, buffalo and donkeys next, followed by goats, sheep, and chickens, but no pigs. Both camels and donkeys carry loads out of all proportion to their size. A camel will walk off with a two horse load of fodder or other material, and a 250-pound donkey will carry twice his own weight.

"In most places the water in the canals is from four to ten feet below the level of the fields and therefore has to be raised. There is every conceivable variety of mechanical contrivance for raising water by hand; in fact, I saw in many places a row of men and boys passing water up by the bucket- or basket-full.

"As we approached Cairo the sand dunes and limestone hills of the Egyptian desert appeared in sight on both sides. On arrival I came to the famous Hotel Sheppard, which would rank with the New Willard or Mayflower in Washington. It is a luxurious place--with correspondingly luxurious prices (two cups of tea for an official guest and myself cost \$1.50)--but dammitall, there is no heat in the rooms and it is cold at night, even though it is hot enough in the day time to make one hunt the shady side of the street. It is full of tourists, mostly Americans, with a small sprinkling of English and Germans.

"Well, dearie, I will write about Cairo after I have seen more of it. I expect to be here only long enough to accomplish my mission; then to Jerusalem and Beirut, and back to Cairo before the 24th of January. I have been asked to serve as delegate of the International Institute of Agriculture at an International Cotton Congress here at that time.

"Love and kisses for all at home.

"Daddy."

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Tuesday, Jan.4, clear and cold. I got up early because my watch stopped during the night and I had to set it by guess. After breakfast I wrote a letter to my friend, Dr.Gray, who left the Institute to enter the employ of the Efyptian Ministry of Agriculture. At the office of the American Express I cashed a small check I had received from the editor of the Encyclopedia Britanica for preparing a short statement regarding the world census project. Also I ascertained that a transfer of funds from the Rome office was held to my credit.

I drove to the Ministry of Finance and found Mr.Craig in his office. It was a small unpretentious office and a busy one. He took me into the adjoining office of Henein Bey ~~Henein~~, Comptroller General of the Statistical Department, who was a large man dressed in ~~a sumptuous~~ ^{an imposing} uniform and wearing a big red tarbush (cap), sitting at leisure behind a great mahogany desk, in a large, bright, ornate room.sumptuously furnished. He cordially assured me of the full cooperation of the Egyptian Central Bureau of Statistics in the agricultural census program. While we were talking, a subordinate brought in some papers which the Bey signed with a great flourish and an air of tremendous importance. I could not help but contrast the modest little office of Mr.Craig, the real responsible head of the bureau, with the magnificent quarters of the Bey, who was simply the figurehead. In Mr.Craig's office, to which we returned, he said that in every office of the Egyptian government there was a British technical adviser who directed and supervised the work and to whom all papers and correspondence were submitted for examination^{and}, approval, before going to the nominal Egyptian official for signature. We had a long discussion not only concerning the statistical organization of Egypt, ~~or~~ ^{and} the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, but of the various statistical bureaus of the

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United States and other countries. While we were talking Mr.Williams, statistician of the Ministry of Agriculture, came in and joined in the discussion.

I accompanied Mr.Williams to the Ministry of Agriculture and was first introduced to the Secretary of State for Agriculture, RashmanMafaouz Pasha, who professed interest in the proposed census. Then I was conducted by the private secretary to the presence of the Minister, Fatalla Barakat Pasha. He was a middle aged man with clear cut features, gray hair, black eyes, olive complexion, and an overload of dignity. While he at once ^{said} ~~said~~ curtly that his government would cooperate in the census he at no time relaxed the look of stern dignity on his face or showed the slightest interest. As was my custom I said that the International Institute of Agriculture had formulated a plan for the census designed to secure uniformity throughtout the world and hoped it would prove entirely practicable, but would welcome any suggestions that might be received from any country. He inquired whether the plan contemplated full information regarding each variety of every crop. I answered that it did not because of the difficulties involved. He said it was of fundamental importance that the census should include data on areas and quantities of each variety grown. At the moment I did not realize that he probably had in mind the desirability of securing definite information regarding the three principal classes of cotton grown in Egypt, and so I protested that it would be impractical to get information by varieties, because in the United States alone more than 2,000 varieties of cotton, and more than 2,400 varieties of wheat, and other crops in the same proportion, were listed, and that while it would be interesting to have ~~infor~~ mation about each one the cost of obtaining it would be prohibitive. Then he asked if the census proposed to in-

United States and other countries. While we were talking Mr. Williams, an official of the Ministry of Agriculture, came in and joined in the discussion.

I accompanied Mr. Williams to the Ministry of Agriculture and was first introduced to the Secretary of State for Agriculture, Lashmehatous Pasha, who presided at first in the proposed session. Then I was conducted by the private secretary to the presence of the Minister, Tattalia Barakat Pasha. He was a middle aged man with clear cut features, grey hair, black eyes, olive complexion, and an overcast of dignity. While he at once said that his government would cooperate in the census he at no time relaxed the look of stern dignity on his face or showed the slightest interest. As was my custom I said that the International Institute of Agriculture had formulated a plan for the census designed to secure uniformity throughout the world and hoped it would prove entirely practicable, but would welcome any suggestions that might be received from any country. He inquired whether the plan contemplated full information regarding each variety of every crop. I answered that it did not because of the difficulties involved. He said it was of fundamental importance that the census should include data on areas and quantities of each variety grown. At the moment I did not realize that he probably had in mind the desirability of securing definite information regarding the three principal classes of cotton grown in Egypt, and so I protested that it would be impractical to get information by varieties, because in the United States alone more than 5,000 varieties of cotton, and more than 2,400 varieties of wheat, and other crops in the same proportion, were listed, and that while it would be interesting to have information about each one the cost of obtaining it would be prohibitive. Then he asked if the census proposed to in-

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clude data on consumption--and again he must have been thinking of cotton. I said no, it was primarily a census of agricultural production; that consumption data were so entirely different that they had to be collected by a different organization and methods, but that if any country was interested in obtaining more complete data than was provided for by existing agencies the Institute would gladly cooperate in formulating plans with a view to ^rbringing about completeness and uniformity.. This seemed to answer his question.

When I said that the Institute was also interested in knowing what he considered the most important and pressing problems in Egyptian agriculture, he replied that they related to cotton, forage crops, cereals, livestock, control of insect pests, encouragement of use of better seed, and ascertaining the causes of decreased fertility of the soil.

During this conversation the private secretary remained in the room. Several visitors were also admitted, greeted, seated, and listened in. All wore the official red fez and all were surpassingly dignified, like so many red Indians. Black coffee was served. All conversation was in French, except as between the Egyptians themselves. The procedure here was characteristic of all other offices I visited.

On leaving the office of the Minister I ran into Dr. Gray in the corridor and he agreed to come to the hotel the following morning.

At the hotel I had luncheon with a lawyer from Minneapolis who had traveled extensively and was then on his way to Palestine. After luncheon I drove to the American Embassy, where I was kept waiting sometime ~~Before~~ the Minister's secretary came down. She was an intelligent young lady and when I explained that I wanted to see the Minister for a few minutes and ask him to arrange for a

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meeting with the King, in order to get his sanction for the participation of his country in the census project, she said that she understood that the King was just leaving the city, but she would try to arrange for an interview with the minister. She returned a few minutes later, saying that she had been unable to see the Minister but thought I could see him at 10 a.m. the next day. I then drove across to the ~~other side of~~ the Nile. It is a muddy stream and at this point was about half a mile wide. We were at one end of a steel bridge, at the other end of which was a large botanical garden and zoological park, but I was not yet ready to inspect them.

I asked to be driven to the Royal Museum for a quick survey. It was an exceedingly interesting place. There were many enormous polished granite caskets and sarcophagi bearing inscriptions and weighing many tons; innumerable statues of men and women and of animals, some of them of wood; innumerable ornaments, scarabs, and other art objects; specimens of clothing and cloth, rope, needles, knives, utensils and implements of various kinds; but most interesting of all were the treasures taken from the tomb of Tut-Ank-Amen, the boy king, who died about 3,400 years ago. This collection included a throne chair, stools, settees, a couch, bracelets, collars, canes, jewelry, chests, musical instruments, images, weapons, and other articles, most of them of solid gold or plated with gold, or inlaid with ivory and precious stones, and all of very good workmanship. To me the most interesting object was the solid gold portrait helmet which fitted over the head and shoulders of the mummy, the solid gold casket, also a portrait and weighing (so said the guide) 450 kilos, or about 990 pounds. The gold casket was inclosed in a still larger one covered with gold plate and bright blue and red colors in very intricate patterns. One wonders where all this quantity of gold came from and marvels at the

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beautiful workmanship in metals displayed by the old Egyptians when most of the world was living in a state of savagery. Another great hall contained a large collection of mummies, some of them of the old Egyptian kings and pharaohs. Their faces were ^{po}exposed and looked as if they had been tanned and petrified--much as if they had been turned into bronze. Because they were so perfectly preserved there was nothing ghastly about them. As a matter of fact their heads were well formed, their features aquiline, and they looked quite as intelligent, aristocratic, and superior, as many of our public men of today.

On the way back I stopped at the American Express for a new batch of travellers checks. After a rather unsatisfactory supper I sat in the hotel lobby reading newspapers and catching up with the world news until 9 p.m. when Dr. and Mrs. Gray came in. We sat in the rotunda drinking coffee and listening to the music until 11 p.m. Dr. Gray was quite enthusiastic about his work, but both he and his wife wished to return to Rome. He explained that some years previously France, Great Britain, and Austria had intervened in Egyptian affairs and that at the conclusion of the great war Great Britain was given rather complete control; that Great Britain kept more ^rtroops in Egypt than Egypt itself had, and for this reason was able to dominate the government, King, and people. He said the Egyptians are ~~listless~~ Musselmen, for which reason the Copts, Christians, and Jews can never expect fair dealing at their hands. He described the ~~Egyptians~~ Egyptians as like irresponsible young men whose desire to hold rank and position, wear uniforms and draw salaries, is overwhelming, but they have no desire whatever to work or exercise responsibility. The music was excellent and both Dr. and Mrs. Gray were entertaining, but I confess I got tired sitting so long between them.

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Wednesday, Jan. 5, fair but hazy. The unusual quantity of coffee I drank the evening before with the Grays kept me from feeling sleepy, so I sat up and read until a late--or early--hour. The result was that I did not awake until 10.30 a.m. and it was 11 when I got out on the street. I took a taxi to the American Legation but the young woman secretary said the Minister was leaving and could not see me. She promised to make a definite appointment and telephone me at the hotel.

From the Legation I walked to the bridge across the Nile, the Kass el Nil bridge with the bronze lions at each end. I paced the bridge and found it to be almost exactly a quarter of a mile long. At the far or western end I inspected the park. The light was too hazy for taking pictures. Pictures could not be taken from the bridge because both sides were covered with steel lattice work. I regretted this because of the picturesque boats and boat life along the banks and midstream. The boats had extraordinarily tall masts that slanted backwards with white sails that were broad at the bottom and came to a sharp point at the top. I walked the length of the park and back. It had a few open spaces in grass, some royal palms with their white, smooth columnar trunks, groves of date palms, and many rubber and other tropical trees.

After luncheon I employed a guide for the afternoon for the equivalent of one dollar. Together we went in a tram car to the pyramids at Ghizeh. Parts of the city through which we rode had some fine new buildings, but much of it was rubbish of various kinds. We crossed the Nile on a bridge at a point where the river is quite narrow. Again I saw fleets of boats with extremely tall masts. We soon crossed another dirty section of the city and another and smaller branch of the Nile. Then through a suburban section with a paved street on one side of which were small stucco houses

Wednesday, Jan. 5, Fair but hot. The unusual quantity

of coffee I drank the evening before with the boys kept me from feeling sleepy, so I sat up and read until a late--or early--hour. The result was that I did not awake until 10.30 a.m. and it was 11 when I got out on the street. I took a taxi to the American Legation but the young woman secretary said the Minister was leaving and could not see me. She promised to make a definite appointment and telephoned me at the hotel.

From the Legation I walked to the bridge across the Nile, the Kasr el Nil bridge with the bronze lions at each end. I passed the bridge and found it to be almost exactly a quarter of a mile long. At the far or western end I inspected the park. The light was too heavy for taking pictures. Pictures could not be taken from the bridge because both sides were covered with steel lattice work. I regretted this because of the picturesque boats and boat life along the banks and midstream. The boats had extraordinarily tall masts that slanted backwards with white sails that were proud at the bottom and came to a sharp point at the top. I walked the length of the park and back. It had a few open spaces in grass, some royal palms with their white, erect columnar trunks, groves of date palms, and many rubber and other tropical trees.

After luncheon I employed a guide for the afternoon for the equivalent of one dollar. Together we went in a tram car to the Pyramids at Giza. Parts of the city through which we rode had some fine new buildings, but much of it was rubbish of various kinds. We crossed the Nile on a bridge at a point where the river is quite narrow. Again I saw fleets of boats with extremely tall masts. We soon crossed another dirty section of the city and another and smaller branch of the Nile. Then through a suburban section with a paved street on one side of which were small stone houses

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with barren spaces about them, and on the other side a row of large palms and fields of green berseem clover, patches of cotton, date palm groves, citrus orchards, and other fruit trees and gardens, all canalized for irrigation. The berseem was luxuriantly green and the palms were picturesque, but the canal banks and fields were muddy. Far off to the north was a forest of palms and beyond it was the Lybian hills and desert--the eastern extremity of the great Sahara. From time to time we could see the pyramids looming up against the sky to the southwest. It took about an hour to make the trip because of numerous stops. We passed through the village of Ghiza and then on about a mile to the terminus near the edge of the desert and the Mena Hotel, which appeared to be about a quarter of a mile from the pyramids. At the little terminus station were lined up about fifty camels caparisoned in varied livery. It was quite the custom for tourists to make the trip to the pyramids by camel back. Inasmuch as I wished to take photographs I preferred to walk.

The Pyramids are on the high ground several miles west of the Nile with the Nile Valley to the east and the desert to the west. The Great Pyramids are a group of three, the largest of which is Cheops, the easternmost, and are built on a solid ledge of limestone, exposed in places but mostly covered with drifting sand. Cheops is said to be 5,700 years old, 430 feet high vertically and 570 feet high on the slopes, and 750 feet on each of its four base sides, with a base area of more than ten acres. It is constructed of limestone blocks outside, some of them very large, but most of them three to four feet square on the exposed surfaces. Originally the pyramid was smooth outside, but the outer layer of porphyry was removed to build some of the great mosques in Cairo, just as the outer coverings of some of the great Roman monuments

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were removed to build St. Peters and other cathedrals in Rome. The removal of the outer covering of the pyramids has left the outer surface in the form of stair-steps. *P* I followed two guides into the interior of ^hCheops. The entrance is a small opening on the north side about forty feet above the base. I declined to descend the blind passage that ends ninety feet below the base, but ascended the narrow passageway to the King's Chamber in the middle of the pyramid about 250 feet above the base. The climb was disagreeable. In addition to the steep incline, the passage is only wide enough for one person and in places is so low that one must stoop to avoid bumping his head. The only light is furnished by a candle carried by the guide. There are no steps, but planks had been laid up the incline with cleats nailed on them to afford a foothold. It was warm inside and the strenuous exercise causes one to perspire freely. The King's Chamber in the center of the great pile is about 25 feet square and high, with walls and ceiling of solid polished granite, and at one end is a sarcophagus that once contained the mummy of the Great Cheops, but the mummy had long been removed. Openings in the walls admitted fresh air.

In the chamber and the passages the darkness is dense and impenetrable. A flaming candle makes no impression on it. The guides had some magnesium wire which they lit so that one could see the full extent of the chamber, the charge for this service being 25 cents per flash. It would, of course, be a ~~max~~ simple matter to install electric lights and an electric elevator for the benefit of thousands of visitors, ~~but I suppose that is not done~~, but I suppose that is not done on the theory that the disagreeable climb to the central chamber is part of the show and a small number of beggarly guides are given employment and opportunities for extortion--which also is part of the show. *P* Before starting on the ascent I

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had a definite and explicite agreement as to what I was to pay the guides for the round trip, payment to be made on the ground after my return. Halfway down they stopped and demanded their pay, with several extras. It was not a pleasant experience because they were two to one, villainous looking, knew the way, had the only light. However, I was above them on the incline and had my stick with me with a heavy metal knob on the end of it, which gave me confidence, as well as the fact that my own guide was waiting for me at the bottom. As soon as I understood that they were trying to hold me up I ordered them to proceed. They hesitated, blocking my way. I was angry and in no mood to be diplomatic, probably because I was armed and stood above them and believed them to be cowards anyway, so I roared out "Get on with you," and at the same time landed a kick in the stomach of the more belligerent of the two next to me. He gave a grunt and partly fell on his companion below him, and as they partly turned I again shouted angrily, "Move on, and if you stop I will shoot you both dead where you stand." Whether they understood what I said, I do not know, but they certainly understood the tone of my voice, because they moved and kept moving without stop until we emerged in the daylight and reached the ground. There was my guide, several other guides, and a group of newly arrived tourists. One of the guides who had attempted to hold me up began to clamor for his fee. I raised my stick over his head and said loud enough for all to hear, "Shut up, you damned nigger robber; you will get your pay--twice as much as it was worth; but I have a good mind to have you both arrested for trying to hold me up and threatening me in the dark passage; you should both go to prison at hard labor and not be permitted to act as guides, and I have a notion to report you to the government. Here is your money, you damned skunks; now get out." The nearest accepted the

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money that I agreed to pay. "Now get out," ^{I said.} One of them started to say something and I raised my stick as if to strike him over the head. He thought better of it and started to turn away. I immediately gave him as hard a kick behind as I could. The group of guides looked on with silent, scowling faces, because this was rank rebellion against their inalienable rights; but a rather stout man with a British accent ^tstanding near called out "Hear, hear, bravo, bravo; serves 'em right. They held me up in that narrow dark passage like the robbers they were." The other tourists standing about looked interested but remained silent. The guide whom I had kicked stood well back with a look of injured innocence. I pointed to him and his companion and said, "Look at them; they are would be robbers and in any other country they would be in jail or put to work. Sheiks, sons of sheiks, grandsons of sheiks, but dirty lousy criminals just the same, Simply common, dirty robbers that would not be permitted to go at large in any other country." "Good for you," called out an American voice, "the whole damn nation of Egyptians are cowardly robbers."

About a quarter of a mile from Cheops is a second pyramid, smaller, but because it stands on higher ground it seems of equal height; and beyond the second is a third, the three constituting the Great Pyramids of Ghiza. Looking to the south a few miles one sees a group of smaller pyramids near the site of old Memphis. To the northeast one has a good view of the city of Cairo with its mosques and minarets, the broad green valley of the Nile dotted with mud-dauber native villages and palm groves. Across the Nile valley to the east are the limestone cliffs of the Mattoun hills which separate the eastern desert from the Nile valley. The Nile itself is not visible from the pyramids because it is hidden by palm groves and mud banks.

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E--2417.

Walking through the loose sand about a quarter of a mile and far below the base of Cheops we came to the Sphinx. I was much disappointed in this monument. It is a great image in the form of a crouching animal, with upright neck and the head of a woman, half buried in the sand. The front, neck, and head, and a portion of the body, are carved out of limestone, but portions are built up of masonry. It must have been far more impressive when nearly covered with sand and its real character unknown and therefore a mystery. In front of the image is an open space paved with stones and some stone steps lead up to the neck. To the right of the Sphinx is a small temple of massive stone blocks which had only recently been exposed by excavation. I was informed that the sand drifts in so steadily from the surrounding desert that unless a force of men were constantly employed in removing it the Sphinx would soon be buried and become a mystery as of old. Although the Sphinx is disappointing, partly because it is ~~a~~ in a pit in the sand and one looks down instead of up at it, the pyramids are very satisfying because of their colossal size, massive bulk, and amazing prominence--size, bulk, solidity, permanence, and age--beyond any other work of man--comparable only with the eternal hills.

Rather tired I caught the tram at 5 p.m. and reached the hotel at 6 p.m. Few cities in the world can compare with Cairo in tourist interest, but its superb attractions are spoiled by the offensive, persistent, and intolerable attentions of beggerly sheiks. One cannot walk along the street in Cairo without having one or more natives dressed like a woman constantly at his side and talking a steady stream, thrusting cards and packages of recommendations in his face, asking impertinent questions; as, what is he doing now, where is he going now, what he expects to do an hour from now, or in the afternoon, or evening, or tomorrow, or the next day, and so on. He

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proposes to take charge of one and one's affairs on the spot and to suggest, conduct, and supervise one in all his movements. It is impossible to shake them off. Nothing one can say has the slightest effect. If one has shoes polished he no sooner steps aside than he is besieged with other bootblacks who insist on doing the job over again. If he buys a newspaper on the street he barely has time to pay for it when one or more other newsboys thrust copies of the same paper in his face, trot along by his side, and insist on his buying another copy of the same paper. At no time can a stranger stop to look into a shop window without having one or more of the leeches at his side, talking steadily, asking one question after another about one's personal plans, and wedging in between him and the window to obstruct his view. The tourist is kept in a constant state of irritation and filled with an unholy desire to commit murder. I suspect it is part of a system that has grown up, because if one will employ a guide to go wherever he goes and stand at his side as a guard, the hordes of street leeches will keep their distance, recognizing the prior and prescriptive right of the guide to derive revenue and profit from the victim. Many times I had an almost overpowering impulse to strike down my tormentors, but was restrained by the thought of the consequences, the tumult, the delay, the inconvenience, and the probable expense and difficulty in escaping.

After an excellent supper I had a young man stenographer come to my room and I dictated my November and December expense accounts to him directly to the typewriter. . We finished shortly after 10 p.m. He said he could speak, English, German, French, Spanish and Egyptian. I spent the next two hours revising and summarizing the account and converting the different moneys into dollars and cents.

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E--2419.

Thursday, Jan.6, cloudy and cold. After breakfast I purchased transportation to Jerusalem for the following day. Also I bought some cigars. I returned to my room to finish my accounts. Before I had finished Mr.Hobson came in. He said he had arrived the day before. After talking awhile about the Institute we drove to the ~~American Legation~~ Ministry of Agriculture. Mr.Hobson desired to obtain certain information about the efforts of the ~~E~~gyptian Government to restrict the production of cotton and maintain prices. I inquired for Mr.Williams, the statistician, and was directed from one room to another. Finally I trailed him to the office of the Under Secretary of State for Agriculture with half a dozen other visitors sitting about and drinking coffee. I introduced Mr.Hobson to both the Under Secretary and to Mr.Williams and he was politely requested to state the purpose of his visit. Evidently Mr.Hobson thought the information he desired was of at least a partly confidential nature and his mission a semidiplomatic one because he hesitated to state his question before the assembled group of interested visitors and was visibly embarrassed. Mr.Williams was not of much help. To end an embarrassing situation I suggested that we would call again when the Under Secretary was at liesure. Then I conducted Mr.Hobson to the office of Dr.Gray on another floor of the same building. Dr.Gray at once arranged for an appointment for Mr.Hobson to meet the technical adviser the following Saturday.

I had luncheon with Mr.Hobson, ^{at} the National Hotel. At ~~my~~ my own room I worked on my accounts and correspondence. In the evening I had supper with Mr.Hobson and Dr.and Mrs.Gray at his hotel. We sat in the drawing room until 11 p.m.

~~(Sragoni, Jan 6, pink folder. mit~~

(1927, Jan. Cairo.

E--2420.

Friday, Jan. 7, clear and pleasant. After breakfast Mr. Hobson joined me. We walked to the American Express where I cashed a traveller's check and got a sleeper reservation to Jerusalem. Then we made the trip on the trolley cars to the pyramids. En route we saw a caravan of camels on a country road. At the tram terminus we each hired a donkey and its keeper for a shilling an hour. We tried to dispense with the keepers, but found it useless. We rode completely around the pyramids, the Egyptian cemetery, the Sphinx, and took a number of photographs. It was a pleasant day and we enjoyed the ride. The donkeys were well trained and stepped along at a good pace. We saw a number of scarabs, the black beetles that live on dung and that children in our Southern States call tumble-bugs. We enjoyed the wonderful view of the Nile valley, the villages, the vivid green fields of berseem clover, the palm groves, the vari-colored limestone cliffs and sand dunes across the river, and the great oriental looking city between. The pyramids were quite as interesting on my second visit as when I first saw them. In the native rock walls to the west of Cheops were the tombs of people of high rank, friends or favorites of the kings who directed that they should be buried near them.

We had a nice luncheon at the Mena House. It was a first class hotel with Egyptian decorations and very interesting, very comfortable, and very pleasant. From its terraces one has a fine view of the pyramids, the Nile valley, and Cairo.

After luncheon we separated, Mr. Hobson to spend the rest of the afternoon at the pyramids and I to finish packing up. I reached Cairo at 2.30 p.m. At the Consulate I found a nice batch of letters. After packing up I addressed some postcards. At 5.30 p.m. I paid my hotel bill, which averaged \$15.00 per day, and this for a ~~poorly~~ plainly furnished hall bedroom without heat, remote

from headquarters, and poor room service for that reason. The second day ⁱ~~A~~n Cairo I had made inquiries and was told that the rates at all the better class hotels were practically the same, most of them being in a syndicate, so I did not take the time to try to find a second class hotel with less ornamentation but equally good accommodations, ~~and~~ better service, and more reasonable rates. I was told that the higher class hotels could operate only three months of the year during the tourist season and were closed nine months, which accounted for their high rates.

My train left at 6 p.m., after dark, of course. I had a good supper on the diner for which the charge was \$2.75. The train arrived at Cantara on the Suez canal at 9.30 p.m. It was very dark and we were ferried across the canal in small row boats. On the other side a representative of the American Express was on hand to help us through customs and on to the waiting train.

Saturday, Jan. 8, clear, windy, and cold. I had an uncomfortable night because the sleeping compartment was small, ~~and~~ I had the upper berth, and the young man in the lower berth had twice as much hand baggage as I had so that the floor space was covered and piled high; it was cold, and the young man made a good deal of noise.

I arose early and sat in the narrow corridor outside. It was more than chilly, no employe of the train was visible, and there was no means of getting a cup of hot coffee. All I could do was to walk up and down the narrow corridor, shiver, smoke, and look out of the windows. For an ^hour or more we passed through narrow gulches between barren limestone mountains without tree, shrub, or other vegetation. In some places the slopes were terraced and the little strips of stony soil were sown to wheat, sometimes not more than a yard wide. We passed a few little stations and at some of

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them little girls outside held up bouquets of flowers. Simply to encourage one little tot I bought a bunch of flowers and then did not know what to do with it. Walking through the coach I saw a little girl and offered the flowers to her, but she deliberately turned her back upon me, evidently having been told to have nothing to do with strangers. I smiled at the rebuff and a middle aged lady in the same compartment smiled also; seeing which I bowed to her and said, "Perhaps you would accept the flowers; I bought them from a little girl outside to encourage her, and now I don't know what to do with them; I cannot take them with me because of my baggage, and I cannot bring myself to throw them away." "Certainly, with pleasure," the old lady replied, and she accepted them with a smile.

The train swung around through some barren stony hills and came to a stop at a little country station with very few houses near it. We had arrived at Jerusalem. A porter from the Allenby Hotel took charge of my baggage and in an automobile we drove about a third of a mile up the main street outside the city wall to the hotel, which was a little two-story country looking place. En route the porter pointed out Mount Olivet, which is simply one of many limestone rounded hills with a church and tower on top of it. Between the station and the hotel nothing could be seen of the city because of the high wall. At the hotel I was given a small double room on the second floor with two small windows opening on the street. It was furnished with a large wardrobe, three beds, two washstands, two or three chairs, and in one corner was a small iron stove. The little stove looked good to me and I at once asked that a fire be made.

I immediately changed to the heaviest winter clothing. After a very unsatisfactory breakfast I went through my notes on Pal-

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estine and found very little of interest other than the location and area of the country. *P*With directions from the hotel clerk I started out to walk to the American Consulate. I found it in a stone building beyond the railway station outside of the city proper. It had a large oblong yard filled with trees and flower beds. There were a number of people in the consulate awaiting the return of the Consul and the Vice Consul, both of whom were out making calls, this being the Jewish Sunday. There was some mail for me that had been forwarded from Rome. I was informed that all offices were closed Saturday afternoons and Sundays, so I left word that I would call again Monday morning.

On leaving the Consulate I walked through barren streets with stone walls and closed doors on both sides, across a vacant lot, over a hill and down the other side for a considerable distance, but seeing that the road came to an end about half a mile farther on I turned back. Up to this time the sky was overcast and threatening showers, the wind was blowing almost a gale and it was very depressing. At the top of the hill I turned into a side street and bought some postcards from a Jew. Farther down I found a small shop and bought its entire stock of cigars, six in number. At my room a fire had been made but for a long time it seemed to make no impression on the clammy cold. However, it did make a nice little noise and gave some cheerful flickers that raised my hopes.

luncheon

The ~~dinner~~ was fairly good. The dining room was very cold and but few guests were present. The sun came out at 3 p.m. and I asked the hotel clerk if I could have a guide for an hour or two. He said that guides could not be employed by the hour, but I could get a guide and a taxi that would take me to Jerico, the Dead Sea and the Mount of Olives for six and a half pounds, or about \$32.50. This did not appeal to me. Then I took a long walk

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within the city walls, got lost in the labyrinth of narrow crooked streets, and had to inquire my way out. The weather was disagreeable, it was a Jewish holiday, and practically all the shops were closed as well as dwellings, and inside the walls ~~the~~ most of the city was much like the native quarters in north African towns, very unsightly and depressing. Outside the walls the streets and lots were stony, rocky, broken, barren, unfinished, undeveloped, ~~with~~ with country [^]roads that are crooked, walls that keep one from seeing anything, vacant lots with excavations, rubbish, old foundations and cellars exposed, debris, unpaved roads, sidewalks ^a of broken rough stone or none at all, mud and dirt everywhere, and a most unlovely people, ~~sk~~ some of them actually hideous. My first impressions of Jerusalem were decidedly dismal and I thought the city the most depressing I had ever seen.

Tired, cold, and depressed, I returned to my room, which by this time was comfortably warm. I took a nip of cognac and then had some hot tea and toast, all of which put me in a more cheerful frame of mind. I began to study a little guidebook of the city I had purchased.

At 6 p.m. a messenger announced that a lady and gentleman wanted to see me. The ^y~~^~~ did not know my name but described me to the clerk simply as the gentleman with glasses who arrived this morning. I went down and found it was the lady to whom I had given the flowers. She introduced me to her husband as Dr. Carmichael of Blackham, England. He was a nice looking old gentleman who at once said "Do not blame me; it was my wife who insisted on looking you up at the hotel and getting acquainted." Then he said they were on their way to Ceylon and that this was a side trip. When I mentioned my desire to see the Dead Sea and the prohibitive price the porter had mentioned, the doctor said he had already

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engaged a car and driver to take them there the following day and they would be glad to have me go along. I agreed on condition that I be permitted to pay my share of the expense.

Sunday, Jan. 9. It rained steadily and hard during the night, followed by a foggy morning and a clear afternoon. Promptly at 9.15 a.m. Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael called for me at the hotel with a guide and chauffer. We passed the gate of Damascus, the Golden Gate, the Garden of Gethsemane, the place where St. Stephen was stoned, the Tomb of Absalom, and down in a narrow valley, and then ~~exerted~~ for two hours over an excellent road, winding in and out, with numerous sharp curves, steep grades, between limestone mountains, barren for the most part, except for a few open spaces between rocks that were sown to wheat, until we came to the half-way house, the House of the Good Samaritan. It is simply one or two²-story stone buildings. We saw a few flocks of black goats with white faces, many caves in the limestone cliffs, and many liliaceous plants along the roadside. The country was entirely treeless, with a few scrubby bushes, mostly barren rock, and the curves and twists of the rock strata are very curious. From the House of the Good Samaritan we began to descend. We had a fine view of the Land of Moab and of Mount Nebo just across the Dead Sea from the Mount of Olives. Occasionally we caught a glimpse of the blue ribbon of the Dead Sea. About half way from the House of the Good Samaritan we passed a marker with the words "Sea Level," which meant that thenceforward we were traveling below sea level. We descended some 1,300 feet and came out on the Plain of Jericho. The route was tortuous with sharp curves, there were mountains on all sides, with outcroppings of limestone, and in places volcanic rock twisted in curious fashion. When we came out of the mountains we could look over what seemed to be a level plain stretching away some miles to

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the Dead Sea with Mount Nebo looming up beyond. The hard surfaced ~~x~~ road ended at the foot-hills and we started across the desert waste of sand covered with pebbles, stones, and alkali crust. All the ground in the valley was of sedimentary character, with deposits of sand, clay, gravel, and stones. From the foot of the mountains it appeared to be a plain sloping to the sea, but we found the surface very irregular; also the Sea seemed to be only about three miles away, but actually it was much farther. Moab Mountain is the range directly east of the Dead Sea running north and south, and Mount Nebo is an individual peak in the range. These mountains appeared to be wild and uninhabited and to be enveloped in mysterious haze. All the time I looked at them I was thinking of Campbell's poem "The Burial of Moses," but all I could recall of the poem were the noble lines,

"On Nebo's lonely mountain,

In the land of Moab,

The angels of God

Upturned the sod"

and Moses was buried "And no man knoweth the place of his sepulture."

Near the Sea is a section that had been badly eroded into buttes, or small hillocks, some with rounded and others with flat tops. The surface of all the land is encrusted with alkaline salts.

At last we came to the beach of black sand and nodules of shiny black bitumen. The salty waves were rolling in from the south and breaking into spray, covering the beach with a soapy looking foam or spume. The beach was covered with curiously waterworn pebbles, piles of sticks, brush, and trunks of trees. It was a most desolate scene, with not a green or living thing to be seen, except

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E--2427.

a few hideous dark skinned people, dressed in rags and camping in flimsy huts, who offered for sale bits of bitumen and called out "Bucksheeth, bucksheeth." To the south one could see the agitated sea stretching away to the horizon and disappearing between mountains that shut it in. On both sides mountains rose several thousand feet, their sharp outlines and rocky gorges softened by a haze of gray, yellow, and red, blue and pink, with an intense blue sky above. These mountains are similar to those in southern California and along the western coast of Mexico.

From the Sea we drove to the River Jordan a few miles above its entrance into the sea. We drove perhaps five miles over the gravelly soil, between bushes and bunch grass that grow some distance out from the river, to a point where tradition says that Christ was baptised and where pilgrims from many parts of the world have come for centuries to be baptised. On the banks of the Jordan were some scrubby tamerisk, poplar, willow, and pepper trees, and some shrubs, the shrubs extending out into the desert a few hundred yards. At this point the river appeared to be about twenty yards wide, was turbid, flowing between high, soft, muddy banks, with overhanging willows and poplars. There were a few flimsy huts made of poles, cane stalks, and mud, and several vendors of hard and soft drinks. There was a mud oven and an open cooking range made of baked mud on a raised platform of poles. Some native families lived in the huts and little children were playing about. On the branches of a tree hung the skins of a jackall, an otter, and a buzzard. Near the camp was a drove of camels browsing on the brush. I was surprised to see the River Jordan and its banks so muddy and repulsive looking. All the accounts of it I ^{had} read described it as a clear mountain stream. At the place where we saw it, it is exactly like a muddy creek in our southern States. When I spoke

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of this muddiness and nastiness, the guide intervened and said "Oh, it is not muddy; it simply looks muddy; if you put some of it in a clean glass you will see that it is clear!"

We next drove eight or ten miles across the desert to Jerico on the west side next to the mountain cliffs. While still in the brush near the river we passed through a drove of camels. Several of them got in front of the car and were so frightened or confused they did not seem to have sense enough to turn aside. They were comical looking creatures with their sprawling legs, flat feet, snaky necks, noses pointed upwards and lips flapping, their bodies wobbling uncertainly from side to side, their tails up, and ^esqu_haling as they ran.

We approached Jerico from the southeast from the desert. It was a small, dirty, Arab village in an oasis of orange, lemon, date palm, and banana groves, vineyards, and a few hundred acres in wheat and clover. The oasis receives water for irrigation from Elisha's Well over against the remains of the old wall of Jerico. I confess I was a little confused as to the identity of Elisha and

Elija. All that I could remember was that one of the two was lost in the wilderness, which would be dead easy anywhere in Palestine, and was fed by the ravens; one of them was baldheaded and mocked by children who were devoured by bears sent by God for that purpose, and later as a reward for his pious inefficiency and general worthlessness was taken in a chariot straight up into heaven. I have since intended to look up in Holy Writ which it was, Elisha or Elija. Anyhow, it's Elisha's Well that supplies the water for the little oasis that keeps Jerico on the map. The well itself is a large and copious spring from which issues an abundant supply of pure water. We first passed through New Jerico, the road running through a broad avenue lined with tall, silvery

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Lombardy poplars, with flourishing orchards and fields back of them. Across the road from Elisha's well are the ruins of Old Jerico, including the Wall that Fell. Of course it fell. It was constructed of bricks or blocks made of dried mud and, of course, it if ever rained, which it probably did at times, those bricks would melt. At any rate, about all that could be seen of Old Jerico ^ew_Are little hillocks and ridges of clay with blocks or fragments of blocks mixed in, and in places ^hw_Aere excavations had been made ~~were~~ short sections of the old wall, or walls of houses, were exp^s_Aed.

A quarter or a half mile to the west of Elisha's Well is a perpendicular cliff that rises to a great height. Half way up is a picturesque monastery clinging to the face of the cliff like a mud-daubers nest, and all along the face of the cliff are caves said to have been occupied by hermits in former times. How the hermits and monks ever got water and food at such inaccessible places is a mystery, but probably the fanatically pious and very foolish workers in the oasis provided the food and water and carried it up those painful heights by hand, hoping thereby to win favor with the god of idle and useless men.

Looking south from Elisha's Well one sees the oasis of Jerico, a veritable garden of orange, date palm, and fig trees. The orange trees were hanging full of golden fruit, said to be the best of Palestine. The oranges were large, oblong, golden yellow in color, thick and pulpy skinned, juicy, and deliciously sweet--unquestionably the finest I have ever tasted.

We had luncheon at a small restaurant, after which we inspected the excavations that had been made, showing the foundations of old Jerico and some of the ancient bath^s. During all our stay in the Dead Sea valley it was hot, very hot, and it was hard to realize that Jerusalem within fifteen or twenty miles had almost freezing

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E--2430.

temperatures.

At 12.30 p.m. We started on the return trip. First we drove through the narrow main street of Jerico with a few shops and bazars, and then several miles through the desert to the foot of the mountain and the beginning of the good road. The Dodge car in which we were riding did well, taking the steep grades in high gear at a uniform speed. Within an hour and a half we were nearing the Mount of Olives, climbing higher and higher, each height disclosing wonderful views of rounded mountains of soft buff, pink, brown, and purple colors. We stopped at the little village of Bethany, which is in a hollow of circular limestone hills, with terraces and stone walls, caves, and olive orchards. We walked up one of the narrow stone walled lanes to the tomb of Lazarus. It is in a cave and is reached by a narrow passage thirty feet or more below the surface. We were shown the tomb in which Lazarus lay and the bench upon which Mary and Martha were found weeping by Christ. We saw also the ruins of the little stone cabin in which Mary and Martha lived. It was small, but had a stone column on each side of the door, so that it must have been quite a pretentious dwelling in their time.

Again we passed the tomb of Absalom and stopped at the Garden of Gethsemane. This is a small ornamental garden surrounded by a stone wall. We were shown over the place by an Italian priest. Among the most interesting objects in the garden to me were a few very old Olive trees, one or more of them at least eight feet in diameter, curiously twisted, short and stubby, with a topknot of living branches and green leaves, and said to be more than 2,000 years old. One of them is pointed out as the tree under which Christ was accustomed to sit. We were shown through the small, but very modern and artistic ^{chapel} constructed by Italians of Italian marble

(1926, Jan, Jerusalem.

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over the flat limestone slab where the angel of God appeared to Christ and offered him the cup of death. The original stone projects above the level of the floor. In the church were three beautiful paintings and an altar. Somehow this little chapel pleased me more than any other church or cathedral I had seen. The priest presented us with postcard pictures of the church, with a twig from the olive trees, and told us we each might take four blossoms from the garden. I took four violets to send home. Then we inspected the tomb of the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, which is close by. It is in an underground chapel which is very ancient and very interesting. We were led into a narrow passageway, each carrying a small candle, and saw the tomb inclosed by marble slabs, the ceiling above being hung with many lanterns of filigree silver and gold. Within the chapel is a small spring from which water is dipped. The surface of the water is only a few feet below the floor. Adjoining the chapel is an underground church in which Christ taught the deciples and from which he was conducted by his captors to Calvary.

Leaving Gethsemane we again passed the spot near by where St. Stephen was stoned, and on through a corner of the city and up to the top of the Mount of Olives. This is a high hill across a ravine from the city wall. From its top one can see all of the city of Jerusalem on one side and on the other he can look across intervening mountains to the blue ribbon of the Dead Sea this side Moab. Surely it is one of the sights of the world. Near the top of the Mount of Olives we passed an old castle surrounded by small olive orchards and juniper trees, and then through a small Arab village where we left the car and walked to a large chapel of the Carmelite Sisters built over the grotto in which Christ taught the deciples the Lord's Prayer. The grotto is an underground chamber, then open to the sky, in the interior court of the chapel and sur-

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rounded by a collonade portico. On the walls around this portico was inscribed the Lord's Prayer in thirty-severn different languages.

Thus ended our sightseeing for the day. We drove back to the monastery within the city walls where my friends, Dr. and Mrs. Carmichael, were staying, and with which they were much dissatisfied, Mrs. Carmichael to address postcards, the Doctor to start out on a fresh exploration in the city, and I to return to my hotel.

At 4:15 p.m. I was rejoined by my friends and we had tea together and talked over what we had seen. I learned that Dr. Carmichael was a retired banker of forty-five years experience, and that his trip to Ceylon, with side trips to Egypt and Palestine, was in celebration of his retirement. He expected to return the following spring to his native town and become president of the local chamber of commerce, continue as a member of the board of directors of the bank, and serve on various charitable organizations. He said that the people of Great Britain felt that the people of the United States were very close to them and that in all circumstances the two peoples should act together. However, he said he could not quite understand our attitude toward the war and the collection of debts growing out of the war at a time when Great Britain found herself in a desperate situation. He said they were experiencing the greatest difficulty in meeting their debt obligations to the United States, that the great coal strike threw many of their firms into bankruptcy, that there was great disappointment over the attitude of labor and their lack of patriotism, and that great difficulty was found in trying to keep industries going.

I returned to my room to write up my notes for the day. Had a nice fire built and was very comfortable, especially after a glass of cognac and a smoke.

When the dinner gong sounded I went down and was joined

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by my elderly friends. We had a nice supper together, and in spite of the fact that Dr. Carmichael was a prohibitionist we had a bottle of wine. We spent a very pleasant evening together in the tea room. In course of conversation I found they were both admirers of Mark Twain and had read all his books which they said had become a part of their intimate personal lives; also that they were Methodists and had belonged to the church all their lives. Nevertheless they were humanitarians and because of their age and their experience they were quite in agreement with many of my ideas. We separated at 10 p.m. I spent the rest of the evening in my room writing up notes of a very pleasant and memorable day.

Monday, Jan 10, clear and cool. After arranging for my laundry I went to the American Consulate and met the Consul, Mr. Huzir, who said he was from Iowa and for many years was stationed at Constantinople. He arranged by telephone for an interview with the Director of Agriculture and for an automobile to take me there.

We drove through the outskirts of the city to the other side where I found the Agricultural Division in an old stone building into which it had recently moved. After waiting a considerable time without any notice from the employees I ordered one of them rather peremptorily to take my card to the director. He did so and I was immediately shown in. The Director, Mr. ^W Sauer, was a plain, courteous English gentleman of middle age who had served in South Africa, the Soudan, and Egypt before his transfer to Palestine. He said that the Bureau of Agriculture and Forestry was established in 1923, that it received no funds from the British government, and was therefore badly handicapped for lack of means to carry out its program of improvement. He showed me a carbon copy of a letter he had recently prepared to the governor general asking for permission to cooperate with the International Institute of Agri-

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culture in its census project, and he assured me that his bureau would do everything in its power to make the project a success in Palestine. He outlined his organization and mentioned some of the difficulties that would be encountered in trying to take a census.

I walked back to the hotel a little after noon and had a good luncheon. Then I hired a car and was driven to Bethlehem, which is five or six miles south of Jerusalem. On the drive to Bethlehem one has an excellent view of the Moab Mountains and the chasm of the Dead Sea, which seem only eight or ten miles away. Between the suburbs of Jerusalem and Bethlehem there was a little agriculture, a few thousand acres, perhaps, in wheat, and several thousand acres in scattering olive groves. The steep hillsides were terraced and everywhere the small plots of ground were separated by crooked stone walls. The road was good and the chauffeur drove fast, in spite of the fact that we occasionally passed donkeys and camels laden with sacks of grain, fodder, stone, lumber, or other materials.

Bethlehem is a village of considerable size spread down the slope of a rather steep hill and with many narrow alley streets swarming with many rapacious Jews and Arabs. The chauffeur took his car through narrow alleys and around sharp corners where it seemed impossible for a car to go. He parked the car in the cobblestone courtyard of the Church of the Nativity, which is built over the grotto in which Christ is said to have been born. A heated argument arose between the three young men who offered their services as guides. I ended the controversy by selecting the least disreputable ^{Looking} of the three. We entered the church through a door only four feet high, made low purposely, no doubt, so that all who entered should do so with bowed heads. It is built in the form of a cross. The guide said that one portion of the church was set aside for the exclusive use of members of the Greek Church, one portion

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for the ^{Armenians} ~~Romanians~~, and another for the Catholics. We were given candles and went down into the dark grotto of the Nativity. It is an arched over chamber perhaps thirty feet long by twelve wide, at one end of which is a little alcove cut into the wall of soft limestone perhaps four feet long by two feet wide, which is the "manger" in which the infant Jesus is supposed to have lain. The place is hung with golden lamps that are kept burning. To me it was all very disappointing because it is so widely different from all descriptions I had read of the holy stable and the holy manger, and other surroundings of the holy event. The guides were the only connecting link and one could not help but feel that to them it was simply a sort of ~~circus~~ hocus-pocus to extract coin from credulous visitors. Leading out from the grotto are many underground passages and tombs of saints. I was shown the tomb of St. Thomas, the one who first translated the bible from Hebrew into Latin. Also I was shown the identical spot where the angel told Joseph and Mary to go to Egypt to escape the persecution of Herod, and in another place near the first spot is a small chamber with an opening in the wall below which is an underground water-worn channel, and here, the guide said, Herod stood and personally murdered the infants of Bethlehem and threw the bodies through the opening in the wall. At each of the various altars and other spots considered holy I was told that I was expected to pay some money to the rather dirty priest in a bathrobe in charge of that particular sideshow.

From the church we went over a hill to a cemetery from which we could see the Shepherds ^{of} Field, which is a hillside field perhaps a quarter of a mile from the edge of Bethlehem. In fact, it is just across a hollow between two hills. I wondered why a blazing star was necessary to attract the attention of the shepherds when a candle would have done as well. From this point also one

(1927, Jan. Bethlehem.

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has a fine view of the Moab Mountains, which seem close up. Near this point also is a shallow limestone grotto in which the Virgin Mary is said to have hidden and nursed the infant for forty days before the flight to Egypt. It is a cavern about fifteen feet in diameter, four feet high, and open to the road that passes in front of it. A chapel has been built over it with a number of altars, one of which, made of plaster of Paris, shows the bible scene of the night of the birth, and a group of peasants in attitudes of adoration.

Bethlehem was a distinct disappointment to me. It has little resemblance to the bible story or to any of the paintings I have seen in any art gallery, church, cathedral, or book illustration. One wonders that so many of the bible scenes are identified with spots so close together in an area no larger² than an ordinary township, and he comes to feel that many of the places and events of bible history have been greatly exaggerated. The surrounding country is mountainous, broken, stony and barren, but with a certain beauty that one always sees when the sun shines on a broken topography.

On returning to the city I went through one of the great gates of the outer wall and down through the bazar section. It is impossible to see any distance because the narrow streets are so crooked and crowded. A young Jew offered to show me through the Church of the Holy Sepulchre for fifty cents. This was too much, but I was tired and agreed in order to save time. He walked rapidly and I followed for a distance of several city blocks through crowds of dirty Arabs and Jews over a rough ~~xxxx~~ cobblestone pavement.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is like a small cathedral with a small open space in front and pieces of broken columns facing it. Inside the church was dark and gloomy and hung with tiny ineffective lights, furnished with many altars, hung with many lamps,

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~~of gold~~ and ornaments of gold, so many in some of the alters that they looked almost like an antique shop. My guide pointed out the division of space between the Greeks, ^{Armenians} ~~Roumenians~~, Catholics, and Copts to prevent brawls and bloodshed when they met in this holy place. I was shown the tomb of Joseph of Aremaria in which the body of Christ was placed, the place where the three Marys stood and watched Christ crucified, the tomb of Joseph and of Nicodemus and his family, the place where the Romans mocked Christ as King of the Jews, the place where the cross stood, the hole in a plate of solid gold in which the ^{base} ~~base~~ of the cross was set and surrounded by an altar, an image of Christ and the two thieves, and a vast amount of junk made of gold and precious stones. At all the altars and places of special interest one is expected to drop money in a box or hand it to the ~~bath~~-robed priest who stands special guard over it. These contributions are presumably for the upkeep of the church. It is a very poor and a very annoying system because it keeps one constantly pulling out his purse and constantly hunting for change, and the feeling of annoyance gr**o**ws as one proceeds, ~~and~~ One wonders why a single fee could not be charged at the entrance and be done with the money question once and for all.

Again I was disappointed. There was nothing about this church to excite one's imagination or pious devotion. On the contrary, one immediately becomes critical. Why is the Mount of Calvary low down on a hillside--or rather, why is it called a mount when it seems to be simply a mound or ledge? Why is the tomb within a few yards of where the cross is said to have stood? Why so many miracles within the small space inclosed by the walls of a medium sized church? Surely there is something wrong about it.

The guide insisted on taking me to the Wailing Wall of the Jews, for an additional fee of fifty cents, but he was so offen-

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sive that I refused and insulted him to get rid of him. Sight seeing is extremely fatiguing because of its demand upon one's attention, to which must be added the annoyance of rapacious guides in these eastern countries. I returned to my room, had a smoke, laid down and slept until supper time.

I had supper alone and was just on the point of going up to my room when Dr. and Mrs. Carmichael came in to see me "once more." before a final parting. We sat in the coffee room and smoked and talked. They planned ~~the~~^{to} leave the following day. They were exceptionally congenial people and it was with real regret that we separated at 9.30 p.m. forever. I had a nice fire in my room and spent the rest of the evening writing up my notes for the day.

Tuesday, Jan 11, clear and bright and fairly comfortable outside. Since arriving in Jerusalem I had^r mention for the first time of the Zionist Executive as a powerful and very active organization and it naturally occurred to me that it might be^r interested in and cooperate with the census project. I called at their headquarters and met the Director of Statistics, Mr. David Gurevitch, F.R.S.S., who was very cordial and said he had already addressed a letter to me at the Rome Office regarding the census. He said that his organization planned to take a preliminary census in April of ~~x~~ the Zionist settlements or colonies, of which there were 43 with a population of about 6,500 families and an area of 150,000 hectares, and a total population of about 35,000. They expected to employ agents to visit each family and obtain answers to their questionnaire which they would be glad to make conform to the standard recommended by the International Institute of Agriculture. He said that the Zionist Executive was supported by the contributions of the Jewish people throughout the world and that the amount available annually was approximately \$2,000,000. He said the object of the Zionist

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Executive was to bring back and establish Jewish people in the land of their forefathers, and that it cost on the average about \$5,000 to establish a family on the land. He said that about ten per cent of the annual appropriation, or about \$200,000, was available for their department of agriculture

I was next introduced to the Secretary of the Zionist Executive, Mr. Naamani, who expressed a strong desire to have me see some of the practical work of the Jewish settlements. He sent for Mr. G. Agronsky, the director of Information, and asked him to prepare an itinerary. He proposed that we leave the following morning and visit some of the settlements, taking my baggage with me so that I could proceed to Beyrout without returning to Jerusalem.

Then I was introduced to the Director of Agriculture, Mr. S. Kaplansky, who also assured me of the full cooperation of the organization, and approved the plan to provide a car and a driver who spoke either English or French to take me through Judea, Haifa, and Tiberias, and explain to me what the Zionist Executive had accomplished and hoped to accomplish, the trip to start Thursday morning, to all of which I readily agreed.

Then I walked through the old part of Jerusalem to the great Mosque of Omar, which is said to occupy the site of Solomon's Temple. I entered the open space and took a snap shot of the mosque, and then sat on a marble step to change the film roll. While doing this a colored man, apparently half Arab and half negro and wearing a robe and a turban, came running toward me, shouting, gesticulating, and pointing to the street by which I had come. He approached in a threatening manner and his face wore a rather fanatical and implacable look. I looked up and smiled in his face and said, "What's all the excitement about, brother; don't you see I'm busy," and I continued with the operation of changing the film. Then he said in

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broken French, made more broken by his excitement, that infidels were not admitted after the noon hour, only Musselmen. Evidently I was desecrating holy ground by my presence outside of official hours, which accounted for his furious appearance, so thanking him politely in French I withdrew.

I had a long nap in the afternoon, addressed postcards, and got the negatives and prints of my Egyptian photographs. There were 63 of them and most of them were satisfactory. I spent the rest of the afternoon labelling them. Had a good supper, and in my room a nice fire. With these favorable conditions and leisure I got out my sewing kit and did some mending, especially some loose buttons, some ripped pockets, and the lining to a sleeve of my raincoat that had come loose and was bothering me.

Wednesday, Jan. 12, Jerusalem, clear with strong cold wind. After breakfast I again walked to the Mosque of Omar and this time took a number of pictures. I had been told that it was open to foreigners and infidels from 7.30 to 11.30 a.m. and one must buy a ticket of admission, which is really a guide book, for 75 cents; then he must have some large slippers or sandals to wear over his shoes, to be paid for, of course; and in addition he must employ a guide--all of which insured a certain revenue to the outfit.

The building is octagonal in shape and about 170 feet in diameter, and has a large dark colored dome resting on two rows of pillars within. The outside walls are covered with blue and white mosaic. The inside walls and ceiling are also entirely covered with mosaic, the windows are of small pieces of glass, mostly red, and the floor is covered with great rugs. In the center under the dome is a large enclosure of metal grill work within which is a large limestone rock said to have been used from prehistoric times as an altar on which were sacrificed animals and human beings. Upon this

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rock the Crusaders formed the order of Knights Templar. Underneath the rock is a cavern. The Mosque itself is said to occupy the site of Solomon's Temple. Near it is a small temple over the rock from which Mahomet's horse is said to have born^e him up to heaven. The temple area covers considerable space, perhaps ten or fifteen acres and is surrounded by and covered with ^{mosques} ~~mosaics~~, temples, arches, and other sacred edifices. The temple area next to the city wall ^{is} ~~and~~ directly opposite the Garden of Gethsemana. Within the wall the closely packed city slopes up a rather steep hill with the temple area and wall at the lower side. Access to the temple area is through a narrow, densely packed street barely wide enough to accommodate four ^{people} ~~people~~ abreast.

Returning to the hotel I spent the rest of the day writing letters. At 5 p.m. Mr. Zagorodsky, agronomist of the Zionist Executive, came in to discuss the itinerary he had prepared and we had tea together. He seemed to have an extraordinary knowledge of languages and of the statistics of the Jewish colonies, and apparently a thorough knowledge of agriculture as well. I asked about the financing of the trip and he informed me that I was to be the guest of the Zionist Executive. He wished to start at 7.30 a.m., but I suggested that 9 a.m. would be more convenient for me, and we compromised on 8.30.

(Mother, Jan. 12, ✓ pink folder.

(Wife, same ✓

took the Crusaders toward the order of Knights Templar. Undoubtedly
the rock is a cavern. The Hanging itself is said to occupy the side
of Solomon's Temple. Near it is a small temple over the rock from
which Mahomet's horse is said to have borne him up to heaven. The
temple area covers considerable space, perhaps ten or fifteen acres
and is surrounded by and covered with ^{mosques} ~~mosques~~, temples, shrines,
and other sacred edifices. The temple area next to the city wall
and directly opposite the Garden of Gethsemane. Within the wall
the closely packed city slopes up a rather steep hill with the
temple area and wall at the lower side. Access to the temple area
is through a narrow, heavily packed street barely wide enough to
accommodate four ^{people} ~~people~~ abreast.

Returning to the hotel I spent the rest of the day writing
letters. At 2 p.m. Mr. Begorodsky, astronomer of the Zionist Ex-
ecutive, came in to discuss the itinerary he had prepared and we
had tea together. He seemed to have an extraordinary knowledge
of languages and of the statistics of the Jewish colonies, and ap-
parently a thorough knowledge of agriculture as well. I asked
about the planning of the trip and he informed me that I was to
be the guest of the Zionist Executive. He wished to start at 7.30
a.m., but I suggested that 8 a.m. would be more convenient for me,
and we compromised on 8.30.

(Mother, Jan. 1, 1927, Tel Aviv.)

(Wife, same.)

"Jerusalem, Palestine,
12 January 1927.

"Dear Mother:

"My last letter was to Wifey from Cairo on January 3, the day after my arrival. I slept late that morning, then to the bank for some Egyptian money, and next to the American Consulate where I found a nice batch of mail awaiting me, and ascertained that the Egyptian official day ends at 2 p.m.

Two

"~~Two~~ items of interest I failed to mention in my letter to Wifey regarding what I saw at Alexandria. While waiting for medical inspection at the harbor I saw a shipload of live steers being unloaded into a lighter. The steers were in the hold and were brought up, two at a time, suspended by their horns, their legs pawing the empty air, and then they were lowered some thirty feet or more into the lighter alongside, evidently much bewildered. When the lighter was full and a little tug started to pull it away, the Arab roustabouts all lined up on deck and danced a queer barbaric dance, stamping their feet, clapping their hands and shouting in unison a kind of college yell.

"That evening after supper I took a stroll through the native quarter. Hearing some oriental music up a sidestreet I stopped to investigate. Around the corner I found a party of nearly one hundred men and boys sitting or squatting on the ground and listening to ~~two~~ or three musicians, one with a flageolet, one with a banjo, and the third with drum ^{and} ~~of~~ ~~by~~ cymbals. Across the narrow street overhead were some wires from which were suspended flags, ribbons, penants, and Chinese paper lanterns. A house to one side was illuminated, men were entering, and from time to time I could hear singing. Presently the musicians outside struck up a lively but monotonous tune and a little boy not more than ten years old, dressed in a little

bathrobe and wearing a red fez cap, came out in the open space and danced an oriental dance, bending, squirming, and contorting himself in time to the music. A little later a tall, slender, lithe black man, also in bathrobe, red jacket and fez performed a regular houthy-koughy^t dance, and the audience applauded wildly. After this exhibition was over most of the crowd entered the building. I asked one of the by-standers who could speak a little French what it was all about and he replied that it was a wedding celebration. The curious thing about it is that the Egyptian music and the singing within was fundamentally the same as the wierd chants of the negroes of our southern cotton fields. Another curious thing about this wedding was the absence of women; apparently it was for men only.

"Returning to Cairo: As I could do no official business the afternoon of Monday, the 3d, I went sightseeing. I hired a carriage and visited one mosque after another; not all of them, because there are said to be about 400. Some are very large, like great cathedrals, and some quite small, but all have towers, domes, and minarets. I saw some of the largest ones. It is impossible to remember their names, but they are listed and described in the guide books. I entered only one, a large mosque near the Citadel. It is built of stone, covers several acres of ground, has a dome 280 feet high, several smaller domes, and a number of minarets, or tall, slender, ornamental towers. I climbed to the top of one of them and had a magnificent view of Cairo, the Nile valley, a strip of the Nile itself, the Pyramids of Ghizeh, the pyramids near the site of old Memphis, the Tombs of the Caliphs, the Tombs of the Mamelukes, the remains of the arched aqueduct built by Napoleon when he took Egypt in 1798, and the desert hills and sand dunes on either side of the Nile valley. ^P We drove through the Tombs of the Caliphs, which is an old Mohametan cemetery on the edge of the desert. It is truly a city of the dead--a city of

streets and houses, with locked doors and closed windows, but roofless and open to the sky, and within each are the graves and tombs of the family to whom it belongs. It includes many mosques, some of large size and some miniature affairs, so that the general aspect of the place is that of a deserted city with many churches. This city of the dead merges into the city of the living on one side and the appearance of the houses is so much alike that it is difficult to decide where one ends and the other begins.

"We drove back through the bazar quarter through miles of narrow, crooked, crowded, dirty streets lined with little shops only a few feet square, where all sorts of curious things are displayed, and where the nightgowned, turbaned, or fezed proprietors seemed always to be entertaining visitors with tiny cups of black coffee or smoking fantastic looking bubble-bottles, the Narghil.

"The next day I interview officials of the government, the Minister of Agriculture, the Director General of the Department of Statistics, the Comptroller General, the Under-Secretary of State for agriculture, etc., and obtained their promise to cooperate in the world agricultural census of 1930.

"In the afternoon I visited the Egyptian^{Royal} Museum and saw a remarkable collection of mummies, granite statues and sarcophagi, implements, cloth, ornaments, and other objects more than 5,000 years old.

"The most interesting collection in the museum is that from the tomb of Tutankhamen which fills two or three large rooms. This boy king was buried more than 5000 years ago with all his personal equipment and playthings. The tomb was so cleverly concealed that it was not discovered and opened up until within the last three or four years. The things in the tomb were found just as they were when ^{it} the tomb was sealed up so many thousands years ago. There are

many objects, including carved bedsteads, stools, chests, boxes, canes, staves, jewels, ornaments, weapons, statuettes, musical instruments, beautiful vases, etc. But most interesting of all is the coffin, cases, and headpieces which inclosed King Tut's mummy. The remarkable ^{thing} about this collection is, first, the fine workmanship displayed, almost as good as that of the best artists of modern times; and, second, the amount of pure gold that was used. The headpieces and the case which inclosed the mummy were portraits of the young king and are of solid gold, weighing approximately one thousand pounds. Also many necklaces, the crown, many of the ornaments, pieces of furniture, weapons, and the great coffin in which were inclosed the gold case and headpiece, are either of solid gold or plated with pure gold, or ⁱⁿ~~in~~aid with gold. The tombs of all the other royal members of the old Egyptian dynasties that existed four thousand years before the Christian era probably contained an equal or greater ~~amount~~ quantity of gold than that of the relatively unimportant boy king. If so, one wonders where all the gold came from and what finally became of it. Of course, these old tombs have been systematically looted in the ages that followed and probably by this time the gold they contained is pretty well distributed.

"In the evening I entertained at my hotel Prof. and Mrs. Gray with whom I got acquainted at Rome. They are delightful people. He is employed by the Egyptian government to organize a chemical laboratory and service.

"The next day, Wednesday, I called at the American Legation to ask our Minister to try to arrange an interview with the King, but learned that the King was travelling.

"In the afternoon I rode in a tram car across the Nile, which at this point is not as wide as the Potomac, ^{and} across the flat plain to the foot of the Pyramids, some six or eight miles from the city. Yes.

the pyramids are still there, right where they were put nearly six thousand years ago. They were built on a ^{low} solid limestone cliff on the western side of the Nile valley at the eastern edge of the Nubian or Saharan desert. They are the most prominent objects in the landscape. The largest, Cheops, is said to be 480 feet high without the cap that has been removed, and covers more than twelve acres. A quarter of a mile away is the second pyramid, somewhat smaller but seemingly of the same size because it is on higher ground; and a quarter of a mile beyond that is the third pyramid. Grouped about them are five or six diminutive pyramids--about the size of a big apartment house--and at the bases of the pyramids are large temples built of enormous blocks of stone, all at one time entirely buried under the desert sands, but excavated in recent years. The great pyramids were constructed of enormous blocks of limestone. Cheops was originally covered with porphyry, the second with limestone, and the third with granite, but the coverings of all three were removed centuries ago to build the Moslem mosques of Cairo, just as the marble covering of the Coliseo and other great monuments in Rome were removed to build St. Peter's.

A quarter of a mile from Cheops and facing the Holy Nile is the Sphinx, the mystery of ages, but a mystery no longer because the desert sands that partly covered it have recently been excavated and now the whole of the gigantic figure is exposed. It is simply a great figure, idol, or temple, in form of a crouching animal with upright neck and the mutilated face of a woman, partly carved out of a solid limestone outcropping and partly built up of limestone blocks, with a paved area in front and limestone steps up to the level of the desert in front. The great bulk ^{and height} of the pyramids and temples behind dwarf the sphinx and make it look comparatively insignificant; also it is so obviously crude, clumsy and expressionless that any one

who has read descriptions of it is greatly disappointed.

"I followed the guide into the interior of the great Cheops, up through a narrow tunnel, so low that one has to stoop to avoid bumping his head, to the King's tomb, which is in the exact center of the great pile, 225 feet above the base. The chamber is lined with enormous blocks of granite, is a cube of about twenty-five feet in each of its dimensions, and contains the original outer sarcophagus or polished granite box in which was placed the mummy of King Cheops. There are two small concealed openings that admit air from the outside. The interior of the pyramid was quite warm and the exercise of climbing the narrow shaft to such a height made me feel hot.

"From the base of the pyramid one has a magnificent view of the Nile valley with its green meadows of clover (berseem), groves of stately date palms, numerous mud-dauber villages; and eight or ten miles away one can see another group of eight or ten pyramids near the site of ancient Memphis.

"I returned to Cairo just before sundown. The country roads were full of pedestrians, vehicles and animals of every description--two or three horses, two or three mules, hundreds of little donkeys bearing burdens out of all proportion to their size, some ungainly looking water buffalo, and camels to be seen everywhere. Most of the transport is on the backs of donkeys and camels.

"The next day, Thursday, Mr. Hobson, the American Delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture, looked me up at Shepard's Hotel, where I was staying. Together we visited the Ministry of Agriculture, and later had luncheon. I spent the afternoon writing official correspondence. In the evening Mr. Hobson, Mr. and Mrs. Gray, and I dined together and spent a very pleasant evening.

"Friday Mr. Hobson and I went out to the pyramids, hired a donkey

each, and spent two or three hours very agreeably donkeyback inspecting the pyramids, the temples, and the sphinx, each taking a number of photographs. The weather was delightful, warm and pleasant, although a good deal of sand was blowing in from the desert. We had a nice luncheon at the Mena House Hotel near the pyramids.

"I left Mr. Hobson to continue his explorations and returned to the hotel to pack up and to settle up before leaving on the evening train for Palestine. The expense of travel south of Europe is unusually high. My steamer fare from Catania (Sicily) to Alexandria (Egypt), two days and three nights, was about \$150.00. My hotel bill for five days in Cairo, with a single room as dark and cold as a tomb and ordinary meals, was a little over \$15.00 per day. The trouble is that all the decent hotels patronized by Europeans are closed nine months of the year and they must charge enough during the winter or tourist season to ~~to~~ cover the year's expenses.

"No account of Cairo would be complete without mention of the pestiferous guides, street vendors, and bootblacks. They swarm on the streets, especially about the hotels. No sooner does the unwary, innocent, and unsuspecting stranger venture on the street than a brown or black man wearing a cotton nighty, or divided skirts, or bloomers, or bathrobe, with red belt, red jacket, and always a red stovepipe cap with black tassel (name of which sounds like Tarbush), catches step at his side and begins a continuous stream of conversation--'Where are you from, where are you staying, how long have you been here, how long do you expect to stay here, what is your name, have you seen this, that, or the other thing; my name is Moses, Solomon, Mohamed, Suleiman, etc.; I'm the son of a Sheik, the son of a long line of sheiks; I live at the pyramids, in the pyramids, about the pyramids; everybody knows me; here, see this license, and these letters

of recommendation, some from Americans, some from English, etc.; you must read them, and he thrusts them into your face, and if you ~~don~~ don't stop he plants himself squarely in front of you and says 'I will now take you to such a place; this afternoon we will go to such another place; tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, and the day after that, to other places; I'm good guide; you like me,' etc. etc. without end. You get exasperated and say "No, no, I am not interested, I know exactly where I am going, I don't need a guide, I don't want a guide-- Get out of my way, confound you; if you get in front of me again like that I'll crack you over the head with this cane," and then you swear savagely. This does not ~~y~~ faze him in the least. He simply smiles, keeps step, continues talking, so that your attention is distracted and you cannot look at the shops, the bazars, the buildings, the camels on the street, and it is difficult to think--and all the time one gets madder and madder. The only way ~~xl~~ to lose one of these leeches is to mount a tram car, go into a store, or walk directly to a street policeman.

"The vendors and bootblacks are even worse. I bought a newspaper from a boy. A man with an armfull of the same paper followed me a square and insisted that I should buy another copy from him, although I showed him the copy I already had. I had my shoes polished. Another bootblack stood by and witnessed the performance. He followed me a square, insisting all the time that he should give my shoes a second polish.

"Another thing. These beggars never have any change. The unit of money is the piaster, worth about five cents. There are half, one and two piaster pieces, but they are rare and hard to get. The most common coins are five, ten, and twenty piaster pieces, worth twenty-five cents, fifty cents, and one dollar, respectively. For small services for which a tip of five cents would be a big reward, one tenders

his smallest coin, a five-piaster piece--twenty-five cents, and he gets no change. These beggars work in the fields in the summer months at fifteen to twenty-five cents a day. In the winter they flock to Cairo, sleep in back alleys, and demand pay as guides at the rate of a dollar an hour. Every man I have talked to who has been to Cairo says he has not been so exasperated and thoroughly enraged as he was with the persistent attentions of the guides and other two-legged street pests.

"Well, mother, whoever would have thought that I should live to see all these historical countries and places that I read about as a boy and never expected to see, and that what I read more than forty years ago would come back to me as I see the places and things mentioned in the Bible and histories. I never dreamed that I would see Egypt, seat of one of the oldest civilizations of record, the land of the Nile, of the pyramids, of the pharaohs, the Ptolemies, and of Cleopatra; Alexandria, celebrated for its library and as the ancient seaport of Egypt; Cairo, the city of Caliphs; or the date palm groves, the camels, the mud-dauber villages of the natives and their queer costumes; or Palestine, land of the Israelites and of all the other Ites, of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, of Joseph, King David and Solomon, the birthplace of Christianity, the Holy City, objective of the great Crusades during the Middle Ages and of countless pilgrimages for nearly two thousand years, which has been destroyed and rebuilt so many times that one becomes bewildered and wonders how much of what he sees now is original. Well, I must stop.

"I reached Jerusalem last Saturday morning and will write about what I have seen here in another letter.

"Love to all.

"Lee."

"Jerusalem, Palestine, 12 January 1927.

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"Last Saturday morning I woke up in the mountains of Judea. Barren mountains they were, mostly of white limestone, without tree or bush or sign of water. And they continued right up to Jerusalem where we arrived shortly after nine o'clock. In a few places as we neared the city the mountain sides were terraced and the little strips of ground, poor and rocky, sometimes not more than six feet wide, were sown to wheat which was just coming up.

"When I passed out of the little country railway station I could hardly believe that this was Jerusalem, so little of the city is visible from any given point, because ^{it} ~~the~~ city is built on a group of steep hills with deep ravines between. On the way to the hotel the chauffeur pointed out to me the Mount of Olives, which is opposite the city, and the Mount of Calvary, which is within the city walls.

"Saturday is the Jewish sabbath so that most of the shops were closed. I took a long walk in the afternoon, saw very little because everything was closed up, and nearly got lost because the streets are so crooked and winding, are not named or numbered, and the walls are so high that one cannot see where he is going. The first thing that impressed me was the fact that such a large part of the new city is building and there are many vacant lots and city blocks, all showing foundations of older buildings, excavations, and piles of stone. Many of the streets are not paved. It was a bad day of high wind, very cold, and spitting rain. When I got back to the little hotel it was cold and gloomy and I went to bed to get warm. That evening I had a small fire of coals made in a tiny box stove in my room, and the same every night since. This is distinctly a windy city and has a very severe cold winter climate, although it is said

to get very hot in summer.

"Sunday morning some newly found English friends came to my hotel for me and together we motored to the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and Jericho. The Mount of Olives is just across the ravine from Jerusalem, and from its top one can almost look down into the Dead Sea chasm, apparently only eight or ten miles distant. But by the automobile road that winds around among the barren limestone mountains it is, with extremely steep grades and sharp curves I judge, about thirty miles. About half way we passed the House of the Good Samaritan, a long, plain, one-story stone building by the roadside. A few miles beyond we passed a stone marker with the sign 'Sea level.' The Dead Sea is over 1300 feet below sea level, Jerusalem is about 2,600 feet above sea level, so that in the thirty miles we dropped about 4,000 feet. We came out of the mountains opposite the north end of the sea and the mouth of the Jordan, which we could see across the desert plain like a blue ribbon at the foot of the Moab mountains. A little to the north is Mount Nebo. The sea looked quite near but in reality is six or eight miles from the mountains. The mountains, sea, and sky were very beautiful. We got out and walked along the beach. The wind was blowing, the waves were beating, and the surf was flying. The water is so impregnated with salt that no fish can live in it and if a person falls in it he cannot sink. The surf was foamy and white like soapsuds. The beach was strewn with beautiful pebbles and the dead trunks and branches of trees. There were a few huts near the beach and a few rude boats.

"Then we drove to the River Jordan and to the spot where Jesus is said to have been baptized and where for centuries pilgrims from all over the world have come to bathe or be baptized. As we approached the Jordan we saw some vegetation, desert shrubs at first, and then some small willows and poplars, in which we saw some half

wild camels. At the Jordan are a few huts made of branches of trees, bamboo, and mud--very primitive, and here one can buy beer, wine, bread and fruit. Up in a tree were some stuffed skins, one of a jackal, another of a porcupine, a third of an otter, and the fourth of an eagle. There was a half-naked child, some long haired goats and kids with big ears that hung straight down like those of a hound dog.

"I was greatly disappointed in the Jordan, which has been described as a clear, swiftly running mountain stream. Here, it is a sluggish, muddy stream, perhaps thirty or forty feet wide, with high muddy banks on either side and bordered with willows, poplars, and alders. This spot is spoiled also by ugly picket and barbed wire fences.

"On the way out we sighted another drove of half wild camels. Three of them got strung out in the road in front of the car and were about the most comical looking creatures I ever saw. They were badly frightened, swayed from side to side, and when they run they spread their hind legs far apart and show the flat bottoms of their large feet; ~~and~~ also they make a kind of squealing sound.

"We crossed the desert plain to Jerico, over against the foot of the mountain about eight miles from the Dead Sea. This was an old town as far back as Bible times and on one occasion its walls fell down. Also, if I remember rightly, this is where Joshua commanded the sun to stand still.

"Old Jerico is a complete ruin, nothing left but heaps of stone and mud brick and masses of mud to mark its site. New Jerico is a small town built to one side in the midst of an oasis watered by a small stream that issues from Elisha's well. I judge that there are perhaps 2,000 acres under irrigation, mostly in orange~~s~~, mandarine~~s~~, lemon, fig, banana, and date palm groves. The orange groves were

hanging full of ripe fruit and the oranges were delicious. We inspected Elisha's well, which is a perennial spring that flows first into a large concrete tank and from there is conducted by ditches out into the orchards and gardens. Also we climbed over some of the heaps of debris of old Jerico. It was very pleasant in this spot, bright and almost as hot as summer. High up on the side of the cliff back of old Jerico is a monastery, like a wasp's nest against the solid stone, and about it are the mouths of many caves which were occupied in former times by hermits.

"On the way back we stopped at Bethany, not far from Jerusalem. It is on the side of a hill in a kind of hollow in which were many caves in the limestone rock. We were taken down a narrow passage into a small cavern and shown the tomb of Lazarus. We were shown nearby all that remains of the House of Mary and Martha. Nothing but the foundation is left. Farther on we passed the tomb of Absalom and stopped at the Garden of Gethsemane. A beautiful church has been built over the rock on which Jesus knelt to receive the cup of death from the angel. Outside is a small garden in which are some monstrous olive trees, said to date back to the time of Christ. ~~The~~ ^{is} The tomb of the Virgin Mary/nearby, and the underground ~~z~~ caverns in which Jesus taught the ~~disciples~~ and from which he was taken by the soldiers on the day of the crucifixion. Then we passed the spot where St. Stephen was stoned to death and up to the top of the Mount of Olives. Very few olives are there now. From this point one has a fine view of the crowded portion of Jerusalem within the walls, which are sixty to one hundred feet high. In the opposite direction one looks across the Dead Sea chasm to the Land of Moab and Mount Nebo. We inspected the grotto, now inclosed by a building, in which Christ taught the disciples the Lord's Prayer.

"That evening my English friends dined with me. He is a retired

banker; she a Scotch lady with a most whimsical and winning smile. They are on their way to spend the winter in Ceylon.

"Monday I had a long and satisfactory interview with the Director of Agriculture under the British Mandate, and he promised cooperation in the census project.

"In the afternoon I visited Bethlehem, which is a little village some six or seven miles from Jerusalem. The place where Jesus is said to have been born is in an underground grotto and over it has been built a church. Apparently the whole hill is honeycombed with grottoes, caves and tunnels. The stable, if stable it was, in which is said to have occurred the great event, is very small, about fifteen by twenty-five feet, and very dark so that candles are necessary. The manger is just a hollow place in the side of the cavern. The walls and ceiling are hung with gold ornaments, mostly in the form of lamps. The spot is so entirely different from the Bible account and all other accounts I have read that it is a distinct disappointment.

"I was taken into other passages and chambers--underground--and shown the place where Joseph and Mary were warned by the angel to go to Egypt, the place where the guide assured me King Herod personally killed all the male infants of Bethlehem and threw them through a hole in the wall--if you don't believe it just look at the hole; and the cell in which St. Jerome translated the Hebrew scriptures into Latin.

"On over the side of the hill I was shown the little cave in which the Virgin Mary nursed the infant Jesus for forty days before the flight to Egypt. Just beyond the Shepherds' field was pointed out to me--just a hillside across a ravine.

"Upon my return I took a guide and was shown the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is a large and very dark church and covers

both Calvary, the site of the crucifixion, and the tomb in which the body was laid, the spot where the angel stood, the tomb of Joseph of ^{Arimathea} ~~Arenaus~~, and of Nicodemus and his family, and many other things that are mentioned in the Bible. But the thing that puzzles most visitors is the fact that all these things are so conveniently close together that they can be housed under one roof--like so many altars--at each of which, by the way, the visitor is expected to make a contribution to the church.

"Yesterday I interviewed the officials of the Palestine Zionist Executive, which is an organization for settling Jewish people ~~on farms~~ in Palestine, depending for support on voluntary contributions from different countries, although I suspect most largely from the United States. The officials were very cordial and explained their projects fully. They have some forty-three or more colonies with fifteen thousand people and about 150,000 acres of land. They are to take a census next April and readily promised to repeat the census in 1930. They are so desirous that I should see some of their colonies that they have arranged to take me on a tour of inspection the last half of this week, and we leave tomorrow morning.

"This morning I walked through the heart of the walled town to the temple area and inspected the Mosque of Omar which stands on the site of Solomon's temple. It is a large building with a great dome and some very fine mosaic work inside, some beautiful columns, and some colored glass windows. In the center is a filigree^r metal inclosure built around a great limestone rock which in Bible times and perhaps for centuries before was used as an altar on which sacrifices of both animals and human beings were made. It is therefore regarded as very holy by both the Jews and the Moslems. Near the Mosque of Omar is another rock in a small mosque-like building

from which Mahomet is said to have ascended to heaven on his horse. The temple area covers several city blocks, is paved with marble, has many marble pavilions, ^{and} an arched colonade on each side of the four sides, called the Arches of ~~Jerusalem~~ Justice, because the Moslems believe that from these arches will be suspended the scales in which the deeds of men will be weighed on the Day of Judgment. On three sides of the temple area are a number of mosques, arched passageways, and underground chambers. The third side is bounded by the city wall and overlooks the Garden of Gethsemane and ^{across to} the Mount of Olives.

"The weather turned bad this afternoon, cold, rainy, and windy, so I stayed in doors and spent the time writing.

"If the weather is decent I shall be motoring through Palestine the next three days, hope to reach Beirut in Syria next Sunday, and return to Cairo the last of next week. I have been asked to represent the International Institute of Agriculture at the cotton congress to be held in Cairo from January 24 to February 7. This will delay my return to Rome about two weeks. I regret this because it will delay just that much my return to Washington.

"I inclose three violets I picked in the Garden of Gethsemane, a piece of shrub from the same place, and a bit of olive twig from the Church of the Lord's Prayer on the Mount of Olives.

"Love to all, from

"Daddy."

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Thurs~~day~~day, Jan.13, rainy forenoon, clear afternoon, and cold. At 8.35 a.m. Dr.~~Zagorodsky~~xxx Zagorodsky called to see if I was prepared to undertake the journey in spite of the unfavorable weather and when I said I was he went for the car. It was raining, very cold and the roads were muddy. We first stopped at the Museum of Agriculture and Natural History that was housed in a two-story stone building with a small botanical garden about it. It was in a suburb of Jerusalem near the headquarters of the Zionist Executive. Here we were met by Dr. Kaplansky, the Director of Agriculture, and Dr. J. Ettinger, Ex-Director, who was then serving as director of the museum. They accompanied us through the various rooms and explained the exhibits. The museum comprised collections of specimens of the various fruit and ornamental trees cultivated in Palestine, articles made of olive wood, foreign trees acclimatized in Palestine with cross sections, herbaria of the flora of Palestine, including sand dune plants, swamp plants, everlasting or resurrection plants, flowers, and many photographs, plans and maps of the Jewish settlements founded by the organization, dried fruits, local and foreign varieties of table grapes, bottled ^asamples of wines made from Palestine grapes, varieties of fruits cultivated in the Jewish settlements, a fine collection of citrus fruits, candied and dried fruits and vegetables, and water color sketches of fruits; an excellent collection of Palestine birds and eggs, an entomological collection, of fish, and of lower forms of animal life, of the parasites and diseases of plants, shells, models of agricultural buildings, machines and implements, specimens of soils, fertilizers, silk, tobacco, flax, & oil seeds, varieties of cereals and seeds, poultry and sheep; a large mineralogical collection, including rock salt, asphalt, and petroleum bearing shale; a paleontological collection, a petrographic and an ethnographic collection.

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We next drove through the rain over muddy and slippery^P roads about seven miles to the Kerat Anaba Cooperative Colony. En route we climbed high ridges and descended into deep hollows between them. The scenery was interesting but not much could be seen because of the rain and mist. Generally the ridges were barren. We passed several small Arab villages. One little hamlet of small, square stone huts in a hollow near the bottom of a deep ravine was pointed out as the home of one of the Old Testament kings. The Kerat Anaba colony was on the main road from Jerusalem to Jaffa. It had about 1,000 acres of stony hill land which the colony had not possessed long enough to have terraced and brought into cultivation. It was equipped with several large new buildings, stables, a workshop, 50 imported dairy cows that produced 500 litres of milk daily for the Jerusalem market, a large vineyard, a nursery, an orchard containing four trees of each variety of apple, peach, apricot, plum, etc., with which to supply grafting material for propagation. Considerable areas had been set to pine and eucalyptus trees. The ground was so soft and muddy that we did not venture out but interviewed the overseer. I asked about forage for the dairy cows. He said they bought hay and oil cake from other Jewish colonies in Palestine. I asked about the water supply. He said that a dam was building with which to impound the rainfall, but until that was completed they bought water from an Arab who owned the only well available.

Through alternating rain and sunshine we drove about ten miles to the edge of the plain that slopes from the foot of the mountains to the sea. The road ^{was} through a picturesque section of barren limestone rocky mountains and ridges, without trees or shrubs, and passed several dirty, forlorn looking Arab villages without surrounding fields, and occasionally we saw a small flock

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of sheep or goats. As we emerged from the hills we stopped at a roadhouse and gasoline filling station, and there we met an agronomist of the national Department of Agriculture in charge of reforestation. He was a graduate of the University of California. He said that centuries ago these barren mountains were covered with forests and olive orchards, that on some of the rocky ledges may still be seen the basins of the old olive presses, that the Arabs under the Turkish regime cut every tree and bush for fuel and at the same time pastured the ground so thoroughly that young trees could not grow to replace them; that during the present mandate administration certain sections had been withdrawn from pasture and trees were slowly beginning to come back. The government was planting pines in other sections, as well as trees and other soil binders in the sand dunes and along the coast.

A few miles before reaching Jaffa we turned south and visited Rishon-le-Zion, a Jewish colony founded in 1882, where Baron Rothschild established a flourishing grape and wine industry. In 1911 the Baron turned over the administration of the estate to the cooperative society ^{of} ~~and~~ Zichron Jacob Callars, which society now had about 300 members to whom advances are made during the year and after the wine is marketed settlement is made with the members. The colony had about 3,500 acres, of which 1,000 was in vineyard, 900 planted to almonds, 100 in oranges, and the remainder in olive and other plantations. The grapes are harvested during the latter part of July and are taken to the winery, which is said to be the largest of its kind in the world. The building is three stories in height and several hundred feet in length and breadth. Two of the stories are above ground and one below to serve as a wine cellar with a capacity of nearly 2,000,000 gallons (73,290 hectolitres). The establishment had its own chemical laboratory and very complete

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modern equipment, cooperage, mechanical shops, and the like. The manager showed us over this great establishment and explained the various processes of wine making. Our inspection ended in the administrative office where a sample bottle of wine was opened for our benefit. The wines were marketed mainly in Great Britain, but considerable quantities go to Egypt, India, and South America.

It was after 1 p.m. when we left Rishon-le-Zion. Within less than a mile we turned into a side road to visit a colony of small land holders, each plot being about one acre in extent. We had gone only a few hundred yards in the lane when our large car bogged down in a mud hole. Fortunately a little Ford truck came along and pulled us out.

Then we drove five or six miles through a pretty good farming country, most of the land being in wheat, which was just coming up to a good stand. The soil was dark in color, but as we approached the coast it became more and more sandy and poorer in quality. The villages were small and far apart. Often there were stretches of open wheat fields without houses for several miles. Looking to the east one could see the low hills; to the west were yellow sand dunes which cover a strip from one-half to two miles wide and separate the cultivated lands from the sea. The few villages we passed were squalid in appearance. As we approached Jaffa we passed a number of orange orchards loaded with ripening fruit. ~~As we neared Jaffa we passed~~ ^{and saw} several small caravans of camels each carrying a considerable load of boxed oranges. We passed through Jaffa. It is very old and very dirty, had rough streets with few or no sidewalks. We passed on to the nearby new city of Tel-Aviv.

Tel-Aviv covers about the same area as Jaffa, but its streets are broad, well paved, and its houses are modern and inhabited by Jews. . I was told that in 1909 it was a part of the sand dune

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section, that in 1913 it had less than 1,000 inhabitants, and that in 1926 it had about 45,000. I was put up at the Hotel Polatin and given a ^{good} nice room, but without rug or carpet, easy chair or heat. Dr. Zagorodovich went to his ^home to lunch with his family.

After luncheon we were driven some eight or ten miles over bad roads, past a German colony, to Petakh-Tikvah. This ~~was~~ a flourishing colony of 9,000 people, with 2,000 acres in oranges, 7,000 acres in vineyards, 7,000 acres in eucalyptus trees, and a considerable area in field crops. The roads were of soft sand and clay, which made the going difficult on slight grades. We crossed one small stream that is dry in summer. At another place we saw a dozen young men and two women digging a trench to remove the roots of a thick growing bunch grass and prepare the ground for an orange grove. My companion said the society had paid the Arab owners \$35 an acre for this and more land and that the Arabs are prospering because of the money they received from the society for their land and labor, when they were willing to ^{work} labor. He said that the ~~pre~~valailing rate of wages was fifty cents a day for Arabs and one dollar a day for Jews, the difference being because the Jews use their heads while the Arabs work mechanically without any thought of what they are doing or why. We passed several camel caravans. Many of them were laden with oranges, four boxes on each side, the load weighing about 750 pounds. It was comical to see a little donkey carrying a big man and leading a procession of three to six huge awkward camels.

Before reaching the village of ~~of~~ Petakh-Tikvah we drove through a grove of large eucalyptus trees, each two feet or more in diameter and 60 to 80 feet in height, that had been cut twice; then for a mile or two through continuous orange and lemon orchards heavily laden with ripening fruit, and on through the village. There was

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laden with ripening fruit, and on through the village. There was a concrete road through it, but no sidewalks. The houses were plain, and square, most of them one-story, all rather dirty in appearance, yards bare, and the whole place had a most untidy appearance. Many people were on the street and walking in the middle of the road. We turned into a side road and visited the twenty-acre orchard of Ben Esser, who was an agronomist and spoke French. The orchard was made up ~~of~~ mainly of two varieties of oranges, one the large oblong, thick skinned, seedless, deliciously sweet orange that I first encountered at Jerico and which he called "Chamonte," and the other, a smaller, round, red, and heavily seeded variety. A walnut grove on the place had flourished but was to be cut down because the trees failed to bear. Most of the trees in the orchard were set only ten feet apart and seemed badly crowded. A part of the orchard had been set seventeen feet apart and looked much better. Near the dwelling was a rubber tree thirteen years old that was twenty inches in diameter and forty-five feet high. Also there were some carob trees and nisperus trees. Water was pumped from an unfailing well with a small gasoline engine to tanks at different levels with which to irrigate the orchard. A dozen or more young men and women were engaged in ~~putting~~ wrapping and boxing oranges in a packing shed. The first and second grades were wrapped in tissue paper bearing the brand of the owner, and were packed in wooden boxes for shipment to Great Britain. The third grade, or culls, were not wrapped and were to be consigned to Egypt.

We returned by the same road. At the German colony I saw hybrid tea roses in full bloom and the climbing roses in full leaf. My companion said that in spring Palestine is a sheet of varied color when all the hillsides and every foot of ground is covered with wild flowers, especially anemones, poppies, narcissi, hyacinths,

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iris, daisies, violets, and many others whose names I could not remember. We reached Tel-Aviv shortly after 5 p.m. and were driven slowly about some of the streets of the town and down to the seashore where there was a pavilion, ~~and~~ bath houses, ^{and} a fine sandy beach. There was a heavy sea and the surf was beating high. Two ships could be seen rising and falling on the horizon. The harbor at Jaffa is said to be dangerous in bad weather. We separated at the hotel.

I explored for cigars and found some. At my room I sat in my overcoat to keep warm while I wrote up notes for the day. Had a ^{good} ~~nice~~ supper in an attractive dining room with men and women in evening dress, apparently wealthy Jews, and listened to a very good orchestra. This was an agreeable surprise to me because of its contrast with my expectations based on what I had so far seen of Palestine.

One of the striking things about Palestine is the existence side by side of the old, slovenly, unprogressive, ignorant, fanatical Arab population living in unsanitary huts, and new Jewish colonies building on modern lines, with all the newness, rawness, and unfinished appearance of western American towns. No doubt all this will be changed in a few generations. It remains to be seen whether the Arabs are more adaptable than American Indians. If not, they will be entirely dispossessed of the land and they will ~~be~~ either be driven out or exterminated. Severe clashes are inevitable.

Since 1919 the number of Jewish immigrants had steadily increased until in 1925 they were coming in at the rate of 3,000 a month. They came from all parts of the world, but mainly from Russia, Poland, and other eastern countries. The increase during the period mentioned was from 58,000 to 138,000. The Keren Haysod, or Palestine Foundations Fund, with headquarters in London,

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assisted immigrants by paying part or all of their expenses and maintenance until they could find employment, gave them preliminary training, and loaned them money to get established. It supplied medical aid, schools in which Hebrew is taught, and assistance through the period of schooling. In the previous ten years it had expended more than \$10,000,000, of which more than thirty percent was for agricultural settlement. It had established agricultural schools, several agricultural experiment stations, maintained tree nurseries, and carried on reforestation work. It maintained a staff of twenty or more technical advisers, agronomists, viticulturists, and the like. The project of the resettlement of Palestine by the Jews is one that appeals to the imagination. The Jews have been scattered over the face of the earth for centuries, oppressed in many ways, but in spite of dispersion and oppression always retaining their racial characteristics and unity and dreaming of the holy land, the land of their ancestors, and now they had the opportunity of returning to that land and reestablish themselves as a nation. Unfortunately the climate seems to have changed since biblical times and much of the country is hopelessly barren.

Friday, Jan.14, bright, cool, and pleasant. At 8.30 a.m. Dr.Zagordovsky called for me. We drove to the agricultural school of Miknel-Israel founded by Charles Netter of Strasburg in 1865 and supported by the Israelite Universal Alliance. The founder is buried in a plot on the farm surrounded by beautiful trees. The farm contained 650 acres and a school with about 185 students. Most of the students paid tuition, but those who could not were admitted free. The school was well situated on rising ground. The soil was sandy and the sand dunes of the sea shore adjoined it on the west. It had large eucalyptus plantations, long avenues of cypres and cedar, large orange orchards in full bearing, a large

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vineyard and winery, and orchards of the common fruits, specimens of many exotic trees, experimental fields of cereals, large vegetable and flower gardens, tree and plant nurseries, livestock, breeding and dairy stations, sold 1,000 litres of milk daily in Tel-Aviv, large poultry yards full of white orpingtons and Rhode Island reds, bee keeping, fruit preserving; and there were commodious class rooms and dormitories, chemical and botanical laboratories, collections of insects, birds, and samples of the soils of Palestine, with charts showing their analysis, fertilizers and results of experiments with them, a meteorological station, and under way was a very interesting series of experiments with fertilisers and drainage to determine the loss through seepage. The Director, Dr. Elie Krame, spoke French, was very enthusiastic, and went to great trouble to show and to explain everything to me. On his staff was a young graduate of the University of California in charge of the ⁿnursery work of the school, and he also was quite enthusiastic. Before leaving we sampled some of the wine made on the place.

We left at 11.45 a.m. and drove back to Tel-Aviv and stopped at the Agricultural Experiment Station of the Zionist Executive which had headquarters almost opposite the hotel. There was an acre or more of ground about the place set with eucalyptus and other trees and shrubs. In the front of the building was an industrial exhibit which we did not have time to inspect. The station building in the rear was occupied by a scientific staff of about thirty-seven. The Director, Dr. Z Wilkalinsky, a Russian Jew, had spent 1921 in the United States, including three weeks at Washington and seven months in California, and some time in Nevada, Utah, and Arizona. He said he had established an agricultural station at Ben Shemin in 1913, and upon his return from the United States in 1921 he had organized the station at Tel_Aviv. He said that he had copied

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the form of organization of the American stations, dividing the activities of the stations into two main ~~activities~~ branches, research and extension. He showed us through the chemical, botanical, entomological, and biological laboratories, the laboratory of the canning specialist, and the extension offices. In each of these laboratories the specialist explained briefly the nature of his work. The small but enthusiastic extension office had prepared a number of illustrated charts for use in their work to illustrate the most approved and successful methods. Most of the specialists could speak either English or French. I returned to the hotel for luncheon.

At 2.30 p.m., in company with the director and his son, we were driven six or eight miles out to ^{the} Ben Shenim station. It had about 650 acres in the foothill country. Most of the country was in olive orchards, although we saw a few orange orchards and several caravans of camels transporting oranges to the port. Most of the experimental farm was in wheat, the soil being a heavy black clay. The quadrangular buildings of the station were set on elevated ground surrounded by a grove of carob, ~~xxxxx~~ pine and pepper trees. The station had a herd of fourth generation crosses between Frisian and Beyrout cows, a large poultry yard, and a vegetable garden. Half a mile away was a large plantation of carob trees that were flourishing. They were sturdy trees about 25 feet in height with spreading tops and each tree was said to produce about 500 pounds of pods. The pods were simply broken up for the cows, but were ground for horses and mules. The director said that it had been decided to abandon this station and move the equipment and stock to a more central location at Richon-le-Zion.

We drove back the way we came, through broad wheat fields, which were green and vigorous, through olive orchards, and passed a

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place where Arab men, women, and children in holiday attire were gathered by the side of a small stream. It was a picturesque ^{scene} ~~seen~~ to see ~~in~~ so many people in gowns and turbans, and there were many donkeys and camels. Apparently they had been having some kind of a fair.

We were driven to a small railway station at Lider, where we had tea and separated from ~~the~~ Director Wilinsky. Our train left at 4.30 p.m. for Haifa. Dr. Zagorodsky said that the plain south of Tel-Aviv was called the Plain of Shafellah, but to the north it was called the Plain of Sarma, and north of Haifa its names changes to the Plain of Isdrael. It is from five to fifteen miles wide from the seashore to the foothills. He said this plain was cultivated for more than 2,000 years, but was abandoned about a thousand years ago because it became marshy and infested with mosquitoes and malaria. The Zionist Executive had obtained a concession from the government to several hundred thousand acres which it was draining and planting to eucalyptus trees. At one place in this region, he said, all the colonists who took up land died within a year and are buried in a little cemetery. At another place we passed a perfumery factory, and at still another station were great salt works, both enterprises having been started by the Zionist Executive. I was introduced to the directors of both these enterprises who came to the train to meet us. The director of the ~~perfumery~~ ^{perfumery} factory was a Russian chemist who came to Palestine after the war and began manufacturing essences of flowers on a small scale. The plants are grown by colonists and the essences were sold in London and Paris. He expressed the opinion that it would become a profitable industry within the next ten years and that it should be turned over to a cooperative association.

The director of the salt works explained how the sea water

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was pumped into shallow reservoirs and after evaporation for about 45 days in summer the salt that is left behind is collected. He said that the company had a monopoly of the production of salt in Palestine from the government and that about 630 tons were obtained annually, which was sufficient for domestic consumption.

My companion said that a concession had been granted to an engineering company to develop water power on the Jordan for the production of electricity. The river has a fall of about 4,000 feet and should supply enough electricity for all Palestine, and that water from the Jordan would be used for irrigation in the growing of cotton.

The little train moved very slowly, sometimes no faster than a horse could trot. It grew dark soon after leaving Lidjer. After passing over a flat swampy section we drew into Haifa at 7.30 p.m. Haifa is on the site of old Carmel. We drove a considerable distance along a hillside and part way up to the Hotel Herfaz where reservations had been made. It was a 6th rate hotel, bare and uncomfortable.

Dr. Zagorodsky and I had supper together, which was partly cold because of our late arrival. We shared a bottle of white wine which was excellent. While at the table the waiter brought in a card bearing the name of Mr. Winer from Italy. The Doctor said this young man was a Russian Jew who came to Palestine and could find only manual labor for which he was unfitted by delicate physique. A friend had explained to the doctor the situation of the young man who wanted very much to go to Italy and study philosophy, but had no funds or books. Dr. Zagordovsky had given him his collection of books, the young man went to Italy, and after graduating from the university at Turin had returned to Palestine with a young wife. They had sat at a table in the dining room near us and Dr. Z.

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had noticed the young man looking earnestly at him several times but had failed to recognize him. The young man had heard of his arrival and came to the hotel especially to thank him for the loan of the precious books.

At 9.30 p.m. we retired to our separate rooms. Thinking over what I had seen during the day I felt impressed by the newness of this age-old country and by the enthusiasm of the Jews who had come to it to build up a new civilization and establish a new nation. The Arabs appeared to be hopeless, partly because of their ignorance and partly because of their fatalism which leads them to believe that whatever happens or can happen is ordained by God and it would be useless to try to change the course of events.

Dr. Z. said that a wealthy Jew of India had given 120,000 pounds sterling to enable the Director of Agriculture, Mr. Sawyer, to establish an agricultural school and the Zionist Executive had proposed that two schools be established with ^{this} ~~his~~ fund, one for the Jews and one for the Arabs so that the Arabs might have opportunities for education which was badly needed.

^{The} ~~Re~~ Doctor defined a Zionist as a Jew living in a foreign country who is in favor of the nationalization of Jews in Palestine, and that a Jew who does not favor this movement is not a Zionist.

Saturday, Jan. 15, bright clear and cool. Dr. Z. and I left Haifa at 8.30 a.m. We drove out through the eastern side of the town into the Valley of Acre, past great cement works, occasional Arab villages and old olive groves. The valley is some six or eight miles wide, perfectly flat, with a small stream flowing through it, and much of the land was black muck swamp. The entire valley had been purchased by the Zionists, small colonies had been established on the sides, and open drains run across in places. The soil was rich, but the water table was within three feet of the surface

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and had to be lowered before the land could be successfully cultivated. The moisture comes from Mount Carmel on the west and Mount Tabor on the east. After six or eight miles we began to climb out of the valley, to cross some of the foothills of Mount Tabor, and to skirt the lower end of the Valley of Esdraelon. This is a flat plain fifteen miles long and eight wide between the two mountains. Until a few years previous to our visit it was a semiarid region supporting only a few wandering flocks of sheep in charge of shepherds. The whole valley belonged to an Arab, or Effendi, from whom it was purchased by the Zionists. It was now occupied by colonists living in villages built by themselves. We passed two of these villages and stopped to inspect the school at Nahalal.

Nahalal is about fifteen miles from Haifa. It has about 2,000 acres of rich black loam clay soil that is very muddy and sticky when wet, as it was this day following a recent rain. There were about 800 colonists or families, each with about 25 acres of land. They lived in small one-story houses, some of them mere open shanties, and the houses were arranged in a great circle facing the center in which was a park with the school buildings in the middle. Each family had a small dairy, poultry, a nursery, a small orange orchard, an orchard of miscellaneous fruits, a small vineyard, a large vegetable garden, and small fields of wheat. ^{The drive from} ~~Wexdrex/xxxx~~ the main road to the circle, about a quarter of a mile, had been set with palms.

The girls school in the center had been founded only about six months and the accommodations for the thirty or forty students were inadequate, so that some of them were sleeping in shelters erected for other purposes, such as poultry houses. This was a temporary condition, of course. The main building was a two-story structure of brick, tile, and some marble, and was very clean, except for the floors which were impossible to keep clean with so much

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sticky black mud to contend with, even though every person entering the building was required to change his shoes at the entrance.

P We met the matron, a short, stout Swiss woman who spoke German and a little French; and the assistant instructor, a young woman who was educated in Holland and spoke English quite well. The young instructor conducted the Doctor and I through the dormitories. The young woman said that the girl students were required to keep regular hours, rise early, and work late on all days except the Jewish Sabbath (Saturday--today) which was their only day of rest when they could lie in bed as long as they pleased, which would explain why the girls were still in their rooms. So saying, she tapped lightly on a door and without waiting for an answer flung it open, disclosing clothing scattered about on the floor and two girls of about sixteen, a ~~blond~~ large freckled faced blonde and a smaller brunette. The blonde wore only a short slip and was sitting on the edge of the bed with her bare feet on the floor. The little brunette was lying sprawled out luxuriously in her nightgown on the bed. The blonde was much embarrassed and blushed furiously as the instructress and two elderly gentlemen stepped so quickly and unceremoniously into the room. The brunette lay perfectly still and looked at us as if fascinated. In the adjoining room were two maidens, half dressed, ~~and~~ sitting on the floor and leisurely pulling on their stockings, who were much surprised when the door was flung open and we entered. When we were again in the corridor I asked the instructress if all the sleeping rooms were not the same and she said they were. I suggested that in that case it was hardly necessary to embarrass the young women by entering their rooms. Apparently she had some ulterior purpose in mind because she kept right on in the same brusque and efficient manner opening doors and introducing us into the sleeping rooms without ceremony. At

sticking black mud to contend with, even though every person entering the building was required to change his shoes at the entrance. We met the matron, a short, stout Swiss woman who spoke German and a little French; and the assistant instructor, a young woman who was educated in Holland and spoke English quite well. The young instructor conducted the doctor and I through the dormitories. The young woman said that the girl students were required to keep regular hours, rise early, and work late on all days except the Jewish Sabbath (Saturday--today) which was their only day of rest when they could lie in bed as long as they pleased, which would explain why the girls were still in their rooms. So saying, she tapped lightly on a door and without waiting for an answer simply it open, disclosing clothing scattered about on the floor and two girls of about sixteen, a blond large freckled faced blond and a smaller brunette. The blond wore only a short slip and was sitting on the edge of the bed with her bare feet on the floor. The little brunette was lying sprawled out luxuriously in her nightgown on the bed. The blond was much embarrassed and blushed furiously at the instructor and two elderly gentlemen stepped so quickly and unceremoniously into the room. The brunette lay perfectly still and looked at us as if fascinated. In the adjoining room were two maidens, half dressed and sitting on the floor and lazily gazing in on their stockings, who were much surprised when the door was flung open and we entered. When we were again in the corridor I asked the instructor if all the sleeping rooms were not the same and she said they were. I suggested that in that case it was hardly necessary to embarrass the young women by entering their rooms. Apparently she had some ulterior purpose in mind because she kept right on in the same way and did not bother opening doors and introducing us into the sleeping rooms without ceremony. At

first I was somewhat embarrassed at walking in ~~an~~ young girls of fourteen to eighteen years old before they were dressed, but my embarrassment soon passed and I began to enjoy the inspection. As each door was ruthlessly ~~opened~~ I found myself wondering what I should see within. ~~A~~ We inspected all the sleeping rooms in the establishment, probably about sixteen, in each of which were one or two girls. They all looked healthy and well formed and we found them in all sorts of situations and positions, dress or undress, but few of them were not en dishabille. Most of them showed signs of embarrassment or great surprise, a few looked rather indignant, and a few eyed us with great interest. It was, to say the least, a most unusual, unexpected, but memorable experience.

The young instructress said that the girls were being trained to become farmers wives and that on week days they were required to be up and dressed at 5 a.m. and ready for a busy day, a few hours of study and many hours of labor in the dairy, the poultry yard, the gardens, and the fields.

On entering the grounds we were stopped to have the tires of the automobile and the soles of our shoes dipped in carbolic acid because all the livestock of Palestine was under quarantine on account of the plague. On leaving we found about twelve little boys hanging on to the running board. They were allowed to ride in this way ^y as far as the main road. They were in high spirits at the adventure, shouting and whistling, and they became almost hysterical with joy when a riderless horse that was loose got in front of the car and galloped down the road with his tail raised str^aight up in the air.

We continued our journey along the side of Mount Tabor, always overlooking the beautiful cultivated valley of Esdraelon, passing several Arab villages and olive groves, until we passed

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over a low ridge into another valley. On one side of the road was Jewish property with large almond orchards, and on the other was an Arab village and fields. Because it was the Jewish Sabbath no Jews were working. The Arabs were working, because their Sabbath and day of rest came the day before. Some of them were plowing with oxen. The plows were little more than crooked sticks. I saw one plow pulled by a sad looking little cow and a sleepy little donkey, and they were not breaking the record for speed. Many fields of the Jewish colony were sown to wheat that in these highlands was just coming up and showing green. Grass was beginning to grow along the roadside. At one spot I saw some hardy narcissus blooms, at another a desert bush covered with yellow blossoms, and at still another an almond tree in bloom.

Again the road ascended among the hills and soon we were at the village of Nazareth in a circle of hills and facing Mount Tabor, with a winding road through it, many tumbledown native houses, and several churches. We passed through the town, saw Mary's well, about which were many women with large water jars on their heads, just as they did in bible times. The road continued to ascend until we reached the highest point and could see the Mediterranean to the west and the valley of the Jordan to the east, and to the north the wondrously beautiful glistening white cone of Mount Hermon rising 6,000 feet above sea level in lower Syria, apparently about twenty miles distant. Passing the high point the road descends rapidly and within a few minutes we were in sight of the Sea of Gallilee, the river Jordan, and the town of Tiberias. About a mile before reaching Tiberias we passed a marker indicating sea level, from which point we continued to descend about 1,000 feet to the town of New Tiberias. This is a new Jewish suburb of old Tiberias /

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and is constructed along modern lines. Old Tiberias is small in extent, ancient in appearance, with broken walls and fallen towers. Just beyond Tiberias we passed some thermal springs from which steam was rising, and an old synagogue. The road at this point follows the shores of the lake. The lake was encircled by high hills and steep banks and slopes, is several miles in diameter, clear as crystal, and reflected the glittering white snow peak of Mount Hermon like a mirror. It is one of the beauty spots of the world. We soon came to the point where the river Jordan emerges as a clear swiftly flowing stream between wooded banks.

We ^{ed} cross the river at a beautiful spot and a few hundred yards beyond ^{came to} ~~stopped at~~ the Jewish Colony of Kinerei, a farm of a hundred acres of rich bottom land irrigated with water pumped from the river. It was equipped with substantial stone buildings, was operated by a group of families, with a community kitchen, dairy, poultry, olive, orange, and banana groves. I was told that the oranges and almonds did not succeed very well, that the olive trees make very quick growth and large yields, as much as 500 pounds per tree. The bananas were succeeding well, and although the fruits were small they were of excellent flavor and aroma.

About half a mile farther down the river we came to the Dagmia Colony, which had more than 2,000 acres of heavy clay loam that in less than ten years had been converted from desert into an excellent and highly productive farm. There were several large new buildings, a school, and adequate equipment of modern farm machinery. There were fields of wheat, orchards of oranges, bananas, and other fruits, large vegetable gardens, a dairy that supplied about 500 quarts of milk daily to Tiberias. The stone buildings were substantial in every way and surrounded by ornamental trees, shrubs, and flower gardens. This was said to be a communist or co-

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operative settlement in which the men worked without a manager. Each man and each married couple had a separate room, but ate in a common dining room, and each could draw what he wanted from a community commissary. They worked and lived without money wages. A kindergarten school was maintained for the children. There seemed to be many small children, all about three years of age, and all healthy and contented looking. I was taken to the upper story of one of the buildings occupied by these workmen. It was still very ^{new} in appearance, barely furnished, and extremely dirty. The stairs and an open gallery under the tile roof were covered thickly with the droppings of poultry. From this gallery or balcony one could see over the entire farm, the Lake of Gallilee, the River Jordan, and see the mountains of Trans-Jordan and, most beautiful of all, the symmetrical gleaming white cone of Mount Hermon. Dr. Z. was very desirous that I should meet one of the members of the colony who had been in the United States and could speak English. After some delay this member was found, cornered, and brought to me. He displayed obvious signs of reluctance and embarrassment. In fact I had a strong suspicion that he had tried to avoid meeting an American visitor. At any rate he was a reluctant witness, his eyes were shifty, and he made his escape as soon as he decently could. I asked him what he was doing in the United States. He said he had been sent there as a sort of missionary agent of the organizers of this communistic colony to get recruits. I asked where he went, and he said into western Iowa. And how many recruits did he succeed in getting for the colony in western Iowa, and his disgusted reply was "None." Perhaps this accounted for his embarrassment.

Referring to the statement that neither wages nor money had any place in the life of the colony, I asked Dr. Z. to explain the operation of the colony more fully. He said it was what they called

a communistic cooperative; that is, each member who joined agreed to work and live in the colony without pay and all his wants were to be supplied from the common stock, and in the event a member had occasion to go on a journey away from the colony, after approval by the governing board, he would be supplied with a railway ticket and ~~supplied with~~ sufficient money to pay his ordinary and necessary expenses. If a member was taken ill or was disabled he was furnished ^{with} medical and hospital treatment at the expense of the colony. His food and clothing were supplied as needed from the community stores. In other words, a member of the colony had no use for money so long as he remained a member of it. I asked what happened if a member became dissatisfied with the community life and wished to withdraw; could he take any of the fruits of his individual labor with him. Dr.Z. said no, he would be supplied with a new suit of clothes and his transportation expenses would be paid to the point from which he came. I asked if, under these conditions, it was expected that the colony would exert itself to become more than self sustaining, and he said yes, of course. I then asked what would become of the surplus. He said it would be used for the general good. I asked if the colony had already produced a surplus "for the general good." He said no, but it was only a question of time because they would soon become self-sustaining, from which I inferred that so far the colony had been a liability and not an asset. I wished to probe deeper and ask such questions as to what freedom would be permitted to the progeny of the colony to leave it, what would become of the colony when the present membership became old and incapacitated for work, and the like, but Dr.Z.'s manner indicated a reluctance to pursue the conversation in that direction, so I desisted.

On the way back to Tiberias we stopped at the thermal springs. Water issues from several openings in the ground near

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the roadside, making considerable noise and sending up clouds of steam. It is hot enough to boil an egg. Near the spring I noticed a man washing off a horse in the shallow water near the shore of the lake. The man ~~was~~ entirely naked. Also I saw an Arab taking a bath in a small pool that had formed near the spring, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ he, too, was naked. However, I saw no nude women about. Perhaps this confirms the statement a physician once made to me to the effect that as a general rule men keep their bodies cleaner than women.

We stopped at a little hotel above the walls of the old town and had a satisfactory luncheon with a good bottle of wine.. Shortly after 2 p.m. we started on the return trip to Haifa and made it in less than two hours. The distance between Haifa and Tiberias was said to be only 38 kilometers, or about 24 miles; and the distance between Tiberias and Jerusalem 140 kilometres, or about 85 miles. However, this is by crooked roads winding about between hills and mountains and the airline distance is much shorter. It is hard for an American, especially if he is familiar with the United States west of the Mississippi, to realize how diminutive Palestine really is and how short are the distances between points of interest. I strongly suspect there are single counties in California and Texas larger than all Palestine.

The return trip was very pleasant. It was clear and bright and not cold enough to be uncomfortable. For half an hour we had the beautiful Sea of Gallilee in sight, and the surpassingly beautiful Mount Hermon; the sea as blue as the sky and Mount Hermon dazzling white in the afternoon sunshine. There were more motor vehicles, donkeys, camels, and pedestrians on the road than we had seen in the morning. Many of the pedestrians signaled our car to stop and pick them up, but the driver said they were covered with vermin and he did not want them in his car.

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After reaching Haifa we drove up a winding road to the top of Mount Carmel. Many new dwellings were being constructed along this drive and at the top was a new suburb of Haifa. The grade is very steep, the mountain rising directly from the beach to a height of a thousand feet or more. From the top one has a fine view of the town and of the bay before it. The bay is several miles across but is fairly well protected by the conformation of the shores and mountains. In the harbor were three or four steamships and many small craft, and far out at sea was a small boat with a white pointed sail that seemed a mere speck. Across the bay one saw the town of Acre, and some miles beyond it a white headland which Dr. Z. said was the dividing line between the British and the French mandates. He said that Haifa was expected to become the industrial center of Palestine and that wharves and piers and warehouses would be constructed at which large ships could draw up alongside instead of using lighters, and that Tel-Aviv would be the center of homes and special industries. Just at ² sundown we descended and drove through the German quarter, which was in refreshing contrast to the rest of Haifa because of its comfortable looking homes, neat and well kept ~~f~~ flower gardens, and broad, well paved, avenue lined with a double row of olive trees.

We returned to the hotel. The Doctor objected to my giving the chauffeur a tip, saying that he did not expect it and would be offended. We had tea together and then separated until the supper hour. I sent a porter out for a supply of \$ cigars and a bottle of cognac. Then I began writing up my notes for the day.

Dr. Zagorodsky and I had our last supper together, after which we sat sipping coffee and wine and talking for an hour or more. I said that I was impressed with the efforts of the Zionist Executive to provide education and training for young people, especially

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the young women, for the care and education that was provided for children, for the medical care of workmen, for the training of large numbers of young people in agriculture, and for the training of young men as technicians. I noted the contrast between the ignorant, superstitious, fanatical, and unprogressive Arabs, who seemed to be a cross between an Indian and a negro without the red^eming qualities of the negro, and the Jewish people who seemed to be imbued with the spirit of modern civilization. Another striking contrast was the large number of Arab men in slovenly dress to be seen on the roads and streets and the scarcity of Arab women, and when seen they dressed either in sheets or rags and wore veils over their faces, and the few I had seen seemed to wear an air of dejected inferiority. The Doctor said that an Arab would hitch to his plow a donkey, a cow, a or a camel, and if these were lacking he would hitch his wife, the only difference being that he would not beat his wife as he would the other animals. Speaking of gaming, the Doctor said the Arabs had three forms, cards, dice, and horse racing, and that these contests usually ended in a fight.

With reference to agricultural chambers, the Doctor said an effort had been made to organize them several years previously at a meeting of both Arab and Jewish landowners. The Jewish^h leaders asked the Arabs to cooperate with them for the improvement of agriculture throughout Palestine, but the Arabs refused emphatically, saying they would cooperate among themselves to improve themselves but not to improve agriculture. He said that the Zionist Executive had spent^t many millions of pounds sterling in the acquisition of land and had thus acquired about all the² available land suitable for agriculture; that they had established more than 83 ~~colonies~~ agricultural cooperative colonies, had constructed most of the good roads in Palestine; had planted practically all the trees that were

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to be seen in the country, and had reforested large areas. In addition, they were draining the deadly swamps along the coast to eliminate mosquitos and malaria, they were constructing irrigation works, and that hydroelectric power would be obtained from the river Jordan sufficient for the entire country. All this was highly constructive work in which the Jews were justly proud.

Sunday, Jan. 16, clear, cold forenoon, hot afternoon. Had breakfast at 8 a.m. with Dr. Zagorodsky, who introduced me to the manager of the great cement works near Haifa. He was a large, stout, baldheaded, mild mannered gentleman, who said he came to Palestine in 1908 on a visit and returned a few years later to become a citizen. He expressed the opinion that good progress had been made under great difficulties because Palestine was naturally a poor country. I said that I fully agreed with him because the difficulties looked to me to be very great, especially with respect to agriculture, but that I felt that it was unfair for me to pass judgment on the agricultural possibilities of Palestine simply from seeing it in midwinter, and yet it seemed to me that most of the country was bare rock and that only a fraction of the small areas of arable land could ever be irrigated, and without irrigation it was worthless for agriculture. He ^{ai} said that was quite true and that therefore the Zionists were trying to bring every possible foot of land under irrigation and to increase the yields by improved methods.

At 9 a.m. the automobile I had engaged through Cook's agency came to the hotel with an Arab chauffeur who could speak a little French. An automobile was necessary because there was no direct communication by rail between Haifa and Beyrut, and transportation by water was irregular and uncertain. I bid good bye to Dr. Zagorodsky without any regret, but rather with a sense of relief. Of course, I thanked him profusely for looking after me so effi-

ciently and showing me so much in such a short time and for his patience and courtesy in answering my questions. He was an ideal guide, a competent agronomist, and exceptionally well informed about the details and statistics of the Zionist Executive in Palestine. But he was in no sense a companion, he did not seem to be interested in the human and practical side of things, he never spoke of his past life or reminisced or told a story or an anecdote, but seemed to be living in a kind of solemn dream, and he answered my questions and manifestations of curiosity and interest in a mechanical sort of way. He never asked a question himself or showed the slightest interest in any other country, people, condition, or situation. He was like a machine with a phonograph attachment and when I pressed a button in the form of a question, the machine ground out an answer--nothing more. During our three days together the barriers of race, experience, and personality were never crossed except in this formal, mechanical way. He was one of the few human beings I have met who did not respond in some degree to my conscious effort to be agreeable ~~to~~ and reach some sort of a sympathetic understanding. So I left him with about as much feeling as I would have for a limestone boulder by the roadside, but with sincere regret that it was so.

We left at 9.10 a.m. There was difficulty in getting through the narrow streets of Haifa because of the camels, donkeys, and people that in some places filled all the space between the houses. In several places the old houses were being torn down to widen the street. After leaving the town we followed the beach around to Acre, a distance of about six miles, on the other side of the River Kishon that flows by the foot of Mount ~~Tabor~~ Carmel. The beach was smooth and hard near the water, but a short distance away was blown into ridges and dunes. Beyond Acre we crossed a broad plain,

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patience and courtesy in answering my questions. He was an ideal
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sort of a sympathetic understanding. So I left him with about as
much feeling as I would have for a limestone boulder by the roadside,
but with sincere regret that it was so.

We left at 10 a.m. There was difficulty in getting through
the narrow streets of Haifa because of the cattle, donkeys, and geo-
ple. That is some places filled all the space between the houses.
In several places the old houses were being torn down to widen the
street. After leaving the town we followed the beach around to
Acre, a distance of about six miles, on the other side of the River
Lithon that flows by the foot of Mount Tannur Gharbel. The beach was
smooth and hard near the water, but a short distance away was blown
into ridges and dunes. Beyond Acre we crossed a broad plain.

(1927, Jan. Palestine-Syria.

E--2467.

swampy in places, near a low ~~a~~queduct that brought water across from the mountains. ~~P~~ From the plain we climbed up and up a great limestone promontory with white chalky cliffs and passed through a gate under a roof where my passport~~s~~ was examined by ^{British} ~~French~~ officials. Then over a rather rough road until we came to another gate under a roof where my passport and bag~~s~~^s were examined by French officials. In both cases the officials were very courteous. In general the highway was rather rough and climbed up the sides of promontories and descended across narrow plains, where occasionally one saw patches of wheat. Most of the country was completely barren. The views were magnificent. Far ahead to the right were the snow capped Lebanon Mountains. Mount Hermon was in sight most of the time. To the left was the intense blue of the Mediterranean, with all shades of blue, green, indⁱgo, ~~vax~~ violet, and in some places almost red. It is a rocky and dangerous coast. Such patches of soil as could be cultivated were dark brown in color and covered almost entirely with stones. Many of the hill sides had been terraced, but about all one could see on them was stones.

Shortly after 10 a.m. we passed Tyre, a small village at the end of a small peninsula of pure sand. I seemed to remember having read that it was originally on a small island and that when Alexander besieged it about 2,000 years ago he had a causeway built out to the island. Perhaps that narrow neck of sand ^{I saw} was that causeway grown wider in the intervening centuries. At any rate I regarded the place with interest because of this recollection. Near it was a small plain, irrigated, and planted to oranges, bananas, and other fruits. Also there was a small hill with the ruins of a castle or a mosque which I much wished to photograph, but the sun was in the wrong direction and we were going too fast. We frequently met camels laden with great bales of goods, each caravan led by a little

(1927, Jan. Syria.

E--2468.

donkey. The camels usually kept the middle of the road, but they had learned to veer over to the edge of the road as soon as they heard the sound of an automobile horn. Never have I seen such stony ground elsewhere. In some of the fields Arabs were plowing, always with a pair of small oxen no bigger than yearlings, attached to wooden plows with little yokes and pieces of rope. At one place by the roadside I saw purple crocuses, which were the only flowers seen on the trip.

Before noon we passed Sasida or Sidon, a village with ruins and a small harbor. Just before reaching this place I stopped the car long enough to take a picture of some caves and houses in the cliff by the roadside. At Sidon the chauffeur stopped to buy some cigarettes. Fruit vendors swarmed about the car with bananas, oranges and tangerines. The fruit looked excellent. The main street was swarming with pedestrians, donkeys and camels.

We crossed a little plain, went around the faces of limestone cliffs overlooking the sea, through water worn hollows, always within sight and sound of the sea on one side and the snow capped Lebanons on the other.

Between Haifa and Acre we saw many groups of fishermen pulling in their nets. Usually there were six or eight men at each rope. As we came along the hard beach they lowered the ropes so that we could pass over them. Near Tyre and Sidon I saw native barefooted women with baskets out on the rocks gathering muscles thrown up by the sea.

For several miles out of Sidon there was a strip of oasis along the seashore extending back from a few hundred yards to a quarter of a mile. It was a jungle of palms, oranges, figs, bananas, vineyards, gardens, closely planted, luxuriant, and the orange trees hanging full of golden fruit. All along the road from Haifa

(1927, Jan. Syria.

E--2469.

to Beyrut were many pedestrians, and scarcely a mile was passed that one of them did not hold up his hand as a signal for us to stop and take him in the car with us. They were especially persistent and held the middle of the road as long as they dared because they could see that I was the only passenger. Usually we paid no attention to them because of their dirty appearance and the probability that they were infested with vermin. However, between Tyre and Sidon a young man signaled to us. He was a young Syrian of gentlemanly appearance, dressed in white duck trousers, black velvet jacket, and a white silk turban. I called out to the chauffeur to stop and take him in, my thought being not only to give him a free ride but that his presence would be a protection against less desirable pedestrians.

About six miles from Beyrut one of the tires flattened out. The chauffeur had no jack with which to raise the axle so that we were delayed until a passing autoist lent us one. This was extremely fortunate because up to this point we had seen no automobiles during the day.

We reached Beyrut at 1.30 p.m. and I signed the slip Cook's agent had given me to show that the journey had been accomplished. The transportation had cost me 300 francs, or about \$15 for half a day's run, but to the owner of the car it meant a return trip, probably without a paying passenger. I went to the Hotel Metropole. It was a new and pretentious structure near the water front, but the furnishings inside were old and the service poor. The accommodations and the luncheon were so unsatisfactory that I took a walk through the main streets in search of a better place, but saw nothing promising. I conceived a dislike for Beyrut almost immediately. The city is situated on hills, covers several square miles, and the streets were narrow and incredibly dirty. Little could be seen

(1927, Jan. Beirut.

E--2470.

of the water front because the view was obstructed by cafes and shops. Because it was Sunday most of the shops were closed. At the hotel I selected twenty postcards, but when I came to pay for them and learned that the price was two piasters each, which in terms of Egyptian piasters would have meant ten cents each, I returned all but two of them. Then the clerk informed me that a Syrian piaster was worth only about one cent.

After a passable supper I went to my room and began to write up my notes. I rang repeatedly for a bottle of mineral water but it was more than half an hour before any one appeared. I hoped I might transact my business here in two days, and take two days off for an unofficial trip to Damascus, which I much wanted to see, and leave the following Friday for Port Said.

Monday, Jan. 17, forenoon clear and warm, afternoon cloudy and cold. After breakfast I interviewed Cook's agent and ascertained that the next steamer for Egypt would leave Wednesday, that trains left for Damascus daily and required eight hours for the trip, and that automobiles could make the trip in three hours but the expense for a single passenger was exorbitant.

In a carriage I went to the American Consulate. Consul Knabenshue was cordial and arranged for appointments in the afternoon with the Secretary General of the French High Commission. He said that Syria was divided into six independent states in each of which was an organization presided over by the French High Commission. For this reason he suggested that I see the Secretary General first and he could arrange for whatever might be necessary to be done. The consul expressed the opinion that the cultivated area of Syria could be increased fifty percent by irrigation and that production could be more than doubled by better methods. He called in one of his Syrian assistants whom later he said was exception-

(1927, Jan. Beirut.

E--2471.

ally intelligent, trustworthy, and well informed. This assistant expressed the opinion that agricultural production could be increased several thousand percent, that at one time Syria was the granery of the Roman world, that the cedars of Lebanon once covered a great extent of country, but that now the only survivors were a few inclosed by a wall; that there are vast regions of wild olives that have survived from the time when they were extensively cultivated; that there are vast areas suitable^b for cultivation if water were applied; that there are many streams that could be impounded and the water stored, and that until 1860 the country was divided into governorships, each governor having the power of life and death and a proprietary right to all the land he wanted; that the descendants of those governors were now the large land owners, but now that they are willing to sell poor people were buying it up; monasteries also owned large tracts of land much of which was presented to them by people who expected to lose it anyway; that one great^a difficulty with agriculture was the heavy taxes which by law amounts to fourteen per cent, but the right to collect the tax is farmed out to money lenders who extract twenty, thirty, or even as much as fifty per cent of the produce; and another difficulty was the prohibition against export. He thought the taxes on farm products should be abolished immediately and placed upon imports so as to encourage production. The Consul said^{ai} that the Syrians were good workers, but had the reputation of being dishonest, perhaps not more so than others, but being more enterprising they are able to take advantage of their neighbors. Both the Consul and his assistant agreed that^a one great trouble with the Syrians was their lack^c of confidence in each other which prevents them from uniting, co-operating, or contributing capital, such as^{for} industries or irrigation works. He said that no company organized by Syrians could

ally intelligent, trustworthy, and well informed. This assistant expressed the opinion that a substantial production could be increased several thousand percent, but at one time Syria was the granary of the Roman world, that the cedars of Lebanon once covered a great extent of country, but that now the only survivors were a few, enclosed by a wall; that there are vast regions of wild olive that have survived from the time when they were extensively cultivated; that there are vast areas suitable for cultivation if water were applied; that there are many streams that could be impounded and the water stored, and that until 1860 the country was divided into governorships, each governor having the power of life and death and a proprietary right to all the land he wanted; that the descendants of those governors were now the large land owners, but now that they are willing to sell poor people were buying it up; governorates also owned large tracts of land much of which was granted to them by people who expected to lose it anyway; that one great difficulty with agriculture was the heavy taxes which by law amounts to fourteen per cent, but the right to collect the tax is farmed out to money lenders who extract twenty, thirty, or even as much as fifty per cent of the produce; and another difficulty was the prohibition against export. He thought the taxes on farm products should be abolished immediately and placed upon imports so as to encourage production. The Consul said that the Syrians were good workers, but had the reputation of being dishonest, perhaps not more so than others, but being more enterprising they are able to take advantage of their neighbors. Both the Consul and his assistant agreed that one great trouble with the Syrians was their lack of confidence in each other which prevents them from uniting, co-operating, or contributing capital, such as industries or irrigation works. He said that no company organized by Syrians could

(1927, Jan. Beyrut.

E--2472.

succeed for this reason. Also he said that the French did not encourage the investment of foreign capital in Syria. The French^e have no money of their own and yet do not want to see any British, German, or American capital invested in the country. Under the mandate of the League of Nations they were supposed to maintain an open door, but applications for concessions were so surrounded with red tape and obstructed in such a manner that none were ever granted. He said that considerable progress had been made in the cultivation of cotton and that silk production could be greatly increased; that Beyrut was more and more becoming the gateway to the east, that great quantities of merchandise were coming to this port for transshipment to Messopotamia and Persia, and that by means of motor roads and vehicles the time of transshipment had been shortened twenty days or more; an air line carried mail, and later would carry passengers and still further shorten the time of delivery^l. He expressed the opinion that one reason why the British are more successful than the French in managing foreign countries and peoples is that they concern themselves only with really important matters and do not interfere in the relatively unimportant things, whereas the French are inclined to meddle in the most minute and unimportant things, which not only causes irritation and obstructs progress but causes them to overlook matters of real importance.

After luncheon and a short ~~xxxxxx~~ nap I took a walk along the water front and got some photographs of the harbor. I walked up a street ~~xxx~~ that was being widened by demolishing old buildings and clearing them away.

At 4.30 p.m. I called at the Haute Commissariat, which occupied a group of large buildings on the top of a hill not far from the hotel. There I met the Secretary General. M.de Reffye, and was

(1927, Jan. Beirut.

E--2473.

surprised that he spoke English. He readily assured me that the Commissariat and all government officials would cooperate in the proposed census, but said many difficulties would be encountered because of the ignorance of the people and the character of their agriculture. He said the country was divided into states, each of which would have a director of agriculture and a statistical office when their organization was completed, but that so far the organization ^awas complete only for the states of Lebanon, Syria, and Alonite, with headquarters at Beirut, Damascus, and Aleppo, respectively, in each of which agronomists were employed to give instruction to farmers in improved methods.

I was then introduced to the Director of the Bureau of Economics, M. Bernil, who said that a central bureau of statistics and a bureau of statistics in each state were just organizing, and that at that time accurate statistics did not exist. He said that one of the principal difficulties was to find even one person in a town who could read and write, that no survey had ever been made, and that an industrial survey begun recently would take several years to complete. He said the people rarely put anything on paper, all calculations being made mentally; but the greatest difficulty of all was that all the native people lie, they lie all the time, they do it from instinct and habit, and they never tell the truth th except by accident.

After supper I took a short walk. All shops were closed, streets deserted, and the town appeared dead. From the small promontory above the beach near the hotel one had a good view in the evening. A full moon brought out in dim relief the Lebanon Mountains on one side and one could hear the steady roll of advancing waves as they beat and broke on the beach..

In the mail received ^{at} the Consulate was a letter from the

(1927, Jan. Beyrut.

E--2474.

President of the International Institute of Agriculture outlining the decision of the Permanent Committee, dated December 9, to the effect that in view of my experience and services an exception would be made in my favor and that the census project under my charge would be attached to the office of the Secretary General and President, but the decision was to be considered as a personal matter and not as a precedent.

Tuesday, Jan. 18. Fair and warm. Mount Lebanon enveloped in fog. I stopped at Cook's agency and engaged transportation to Alexandria for the following day.

I called at the Haute Commissariat and had a long interview with Dr. Berⁿail in the forenoon, and in the afternoon with M. Achart, Conseilleur Agronomique at Damascus, with both of whom I discussed agricultural organization and the program of the proposed agricultural census.

Cook's advised me that my visée for Egypt was good only for one visit and as I had already been there it would be necessary to get another. At 11 a.m. I called at the Egyptian Consulate and was kept waiting with others in a little room. Nothing happened for a long time and I lost patience. I stepped to the usher and said that I was an "official diplomatique" and could not wait. I was immediately ushered into the presence of the Consul, who was courteous but dilatory, and I was again kept waiting nearly an hour. The trouble was, he would not finish anything. He had a number of passports on his desk and kept shuffling them about. He would pick up a passport, glance at it, and lay it down without doing anything to it; and the same with the others in the pile. Again losing patience I stood over his desk and pinned him down to concentrating his attention upon my passport. He looked at it again and started to lay it down, but I protested, "Non, non, Monsieur, c'est mon pass-

(1927, Jan. Beirut.

E--2475.

port~~e~~. Je desir une auter visee comme c'la," and I put my finger on the former Egyptian visee, "Ici," I said, and put my finger on a blank space on the extension sheet of the passport~~e~~. He naturally looked a little surprised, but was submissive and I sized him up as about the caliber of a sixth rate clerk. I therefore felt like treating him as such, inasmuch as he had kept me waiting so long without reason. Seeing a rubber stamp on his desk that looked to be about the right size I reached for it, inked it on a pad, and tried it on a piece of paper from the waste basket. I^t_^proved to be the right stamp and I promptly impressed it on the blank space on my passport~~e~~. Then I dipped a pen in an ink well and handed it to him, spread the passport~~e~~ out in front of him, and said "Sign here." He signed and I promptly folded up the document and put it safely in my pocket. Then I thanked him for his extraordinary courtesy and brilliant efficiency, bowed, and left. I suspect there is no record of that visee in his office. The outer room was crowded with people waiting while Mumbo Jumbo played with their passport~~s~~ inside.

On the way back I scouted through some of the side streets. There was much tearing down, widening of streets, and rebuilding, all of which gave the town a rather disheveled and dirty appearance. However, I was glad to see some of the old mud brick caves, rat holes and runways being cleared out. It was interesting to watch the natives. They swarmed over the streets like flies and squatted upon their haunches by the roadside with their backs to the walls whenever they were not pressed for time. In many places masons were chipping and shaping stone blocks. The rythmic clang of their hammers and chisels was pleasant. At one place I passed some workingmen making copper bells and other things. Their hammering was musical also. I was told there was great enmity between the different

(1927, Jan. Beyrut.

E--2476.

rac^{Armenians}es, the Syrians, the Jews, the Turks, Roumanians and others, and especially between Moslems and Christians. I reflected that this animosity would be one of the difficulties in taking an agricultural census. Very few women were to be seen on the streets, and none of those seen by me were attractivem

(Wife, Jan.18, pink folder.

(1927, Jan. Beyrut.

E--2477.

Wednesday, Jan. 19, clear and warm. After breakfast I purchased some Egyptian money from Cook's. I had more than the usual difficulty in keeping in mind the value of local money because of the wide variations in exchange. A few days before I was told that an Egyptian piaster was worth five Syrian piasters, and for a certain brand of cigar I paid one and one-half Egyptian piasters. At Cook's I found that the rate was one Egyptian for six and one-fifth Syrian piasters. At the cigar store again I was charged two Egyptian piasters for the same brand, an increase of one-third in price in two days. In fact, in the same shops the prices were not the same two days in succession. Egyptian and Syrian piasters were the common money, but each was rated in terms of the other and the rates seemed never the same. It made one feel the blessings of a country where a dollar is always a dollar and ten cents always ten cents.

At my room I began to draft a report to the Secretary General. I had a telephone call from the Consulate saying there was more mail for me. I got the mail and had a long talk with the Consul. He said the French had expected to "make a killing" with Syria, which was promised to them by the British during the war, so that ~~but~~ when the League of Nations was handing out mandates France asked for Syria and got it. Then the League proceeded to draw up specifications imposing conditions, among which was one to the effect that the mandate nations should not use military force but should encourage the development of agriculture. The French tried to do this in Syria and to set up local governments in the provinces, each modeled after a republic, with president, cabinet, legislature, and other useless machinery that cost large sums of money and is cumbersome and ineffective. Over ninety per cent of the budget was eaten up by salaries, whereas under Turkish rule the governor, secretary, and a few minor employes did the whole business ~~of~~

(1927, Jan. Beirut. E--2478.

quickly and without such an unnecessary load of expense. He said that as a matter of fact the French were absolute. Native officials could not turn a hand without their consent, and yet when the French wish to block anything they blame it on the cumbersome and inefficient local governments over which they allege they have no control.

After luncheon I packed up, paid my bills, and at 3 p.m. a Cook's taxi came for me. He drove first to the office of the prefect of police and without much delay got a permit for me to leave the dirty town. Then to the customhouse where my baggage was examined to make sure that I was not trying to smuggle out the Lebanon Mountains. Then on board the French steamer "Champollion," a passenger steamer de luxe. I was given a large stateroom in which were two ^{neat} ~~net~~ beds, a sofa, chairs, running water, attractive in every way. I spent the rest of the afternoon typewriting my report to the Secretary General which I finished about 6 p.m. When I went up to the smoking lounge, had a whiskey and soda, a smoke, and began to read "La Mandat Francaise," which was an argument for an independent State of Leban (Lebanon). At 7 pm. I went down to the elegant dining saloon and had a wonderful supper. Both food and service were better than anything I had had for months. It made me wish I might spend at least a week in this floating modern hotel. It was only then that I fully realized how unsatisfactory had been the accommodations I had experienced in Palestine and Syria. The difference was comparable to that between a western or southern country town and a first class hotel in New York.

Fully ~~s~~atisfied, more than satisfied; greatly pleased, I returned to the smoking room to resume my reading. Shortly after 10 p.m. the ship got under way, made a great circuit out of the harbor and headed south. The lights of Beirut and the villages above it on Mount Labanon were very pretty. The moonlight on the water

(1927, Jan. Beyrut to Alexandria.

E--2479.

was also very beautiful. By the light of the moon one could clearly distinguish the snowy peaks of the Lebanon Mountains.

~~(Dragon, Jan. 19, pink folder. omit~~

(1927, Jan. Beirut to Alexandria.

E--2480.

Thursday, Jan 20, clear and warm. I awoke at 8 a.m. as the ship came to anchor off Jaffa. Had a good breakfast and went on deck. We were about half a mile from the shore and lighters were coming out with oranges. The sea was calm and blue to the west and north. From the ship Jaffa looked to be a cluster of square, flat-topped houses covering a low rounded hill and coming down to the water's edge. To the north and practically a continuation of Jaffa was Tel-Aviv, the modern Jewish suburb. Beyond the city could be seen a low range of hills with the mountains of Jerusalem in the background. To the south were sand dunes stretching away as far as the eye could see.

I began reading some charming short stories of Anatole France; his "Craquebille," a story of an old street vender of vegetables who got himself arrested and sentenced to spend fifteen days in jail; "Putois," a most amusing story of an imaginary character invented on the spur of a moment as an excuse for not dining with an old aunt, who was dying with curiosity to meet Putois and whom the town later came to believe was the author of all the crimes in the vicinity and the putative father of all the illegitimate children born in the community--a charming story quite as good as anything Mark Twain ever wrote.

The ship left Jaffa at 1.30 p.m. After coffee and a smoke I went to my stateroom de luxe and slept until 5 p.m. I dressed and went on deck in time to see a beautiful sunset with flaming red clouds and sea. When the sunset faded I went into the smoking room and had a whiskey and soda, a smoke, and read some more of Anatole France's lovely stories. Then an excellent and satisfying supper with a bottle of good French wine, a demi tasse, and a smoke. Verily, this was the life, completely satisfying for the time being, and I wondered how long it would take for me to become tired of it. I re-

(1927, Jan. Beyrut to Alexandria.

E--2481.

tired at 9.30 p.m., perfectly satisfied with my comfortable and beautiful surroundings, to sleep and dream like a happy child.

Friday, January 21, cloudy and colder. We drew into the harbor at Alexandria at 9 a.m. After breakfast I went up to the lounge for passport examination. It took the ship more than an hour to work her way alongside the wharf. On the wharf was the usual crowd of frowsy, frenzied, rapacious porters. One of them came aboard for my baggage. I had to fill out a card giving my expected address for the first three days in Egypt. Then a porter from the Majestic Hotel came aboard and took charge of me and the landing card. At the wharf a controversy arose between the porter of the Majestic Hotel and another porter as to their rights in me and my baggage, which the master of ceremonies on the wharf had to settle. Then to the customhouse and on to the hotel, the porter to follow with the baggage. At the hotel I ^{was} given the same room I had on my former visit. a room that was light and bright, with a good view of the sea.

After a good luncheon I took a guide and an automobile to see the city. I was much disappointed. We drove southward several miles through streets with modern houses, with yards that were mostly barren, and then turned west until we came to the Nile canal, with muddy banks and full of dirty water. We drove around a barren looking park and stopped to inspect a museum, which was not especially interesting after seeing the Royal Museum at Cairo. Then to the railway stations, old and new, through the native sections and past Pompey's Pillar, said to be 2,300 years old. The guide wanted to take me across the city to see the King's palace, but I objected and insisted on returning to the hotel because I had seen enough. This trip of two hours, in which I was so much disappointed, cost me \$6.75, which I charged up to experience.

(1927, Jan. Alecandria.

E--2482.

To pass the time I bought a copy of "Histoire Comique" by Anatole France. After supper I went out for a walk around the park in front of the hotel. A persistent guide followed me about, saying that for one dollar he could show me some dance halls with naked Egyptian dancers. That seemed to be a sight worth seeing and my desire to take advantage of opportunities to see things that could be seen nowhere else led me to consent to follow him. He first led me through a street lined with little squalid rooms occupied by French, German, and Italian girls that I had seen on my former visit. The guide spoke of them contemptuously as "cheap." Next we walked through a narrow side street. *P* At one point the guide was stopped by a native policeman, but after some palaver was allowed to proceed. He took me to a plain looking house and after certain signals we were admitted to a dimly lighted room. Two beautiful young women came in and the guide asked if I wished to retire with one of them to another room. I said no, I wanted to see the oriental dancing he had promised to show me. Out of curiosity, however, I asked him how much money the young women expected for entertaining a guest, and he named a sum equivalent to ten dollars. The young women said nothing, simply stood still and looked pretty. I went to the door and the guide followed. By the time I reached the door he said the young women would be satisfied with five dollars. Opening the door and passing out into the street I observed the same policeman who had stopped us. Unquestionably he was waiting to collect his share of the profits. He stopped the guide and there was more palaver. *P* I asked the guide to take me to a music hall if there was such a thing in Alexandria. He took me to a dismal place with one electric light, one forlorn girl, and a decrepit piano. The guide said this girl would entertain a gentleman for six dollars. Again I beat a retreat and told the guide I did not

(1927, Jan. Alexandria.

E--2483.

want private entertainment, but a music hall, a theater, any place where I could hear music, see dancing, and have a glass of beer. Then he took me to a small music hall. The orchestra had one violin, one guitar, a pair of cymbals, two male singers and one female singer. They were droning out a monotonous chant that did not deserve the name of music. I sat through two parts, both exactly alike. I squirmed and wanted to leave, but the guide said the women would come out and dance directly. Then the female singer stepped to the front, started a monotonous chant, and began to wiggle her body without moving her feet--and that was all. At this I rebelled, left abruptly and emphatically and insisted that the guide take me back to the hotel, which he did with much reluctance and many protestations. Just another dismal disappointment to charge up to experience.

Saturday, Jan. 22. After breakfast I took a walk through the native quarter. The streets were crowded with vendors of fruits and vegetables and customers. . At a bookstore I bought some French novels and sat in a cafe by the seaside waiting for train time. At noon I and my baggage were transferred to the train and I was fortunate enough to get a small table in the dining car. I had a very enjoyable luncheon. For three and a half hours the train plodded over the flat country of the Nile Delta, green with ^eberse^m, past the little mud-dauber villages, across muddy canals, dirt roads and paths. Always one could see men, women, and children trotting along with loads on their heads, or riding little donkeys or lofty clumsy camels, or piled eight or ten in a little Ford car. In many places men were raising water with a contrivance like a screw, an Archimedes screw, or by another crude contrivance operated by a blindfolded ox. In other places men were standing in the water and throwing up the stiff mud along the banks of the canals with

(1927, Jan. Alexandria to Cairo. E--2484.

which to fertilize the fields above. I thought of the pow wow that is made in my own and some other countries over the germ theory as I watched women filling large jars in the shallow muddy water of a canal. It was very muddy, the banks ^ew[^]re of soft mud, full of roots and decaying vegetation and debris of all sorts, including the carcass of a dead animal the size of a calf that floated near the spot where the women were filling their jars. Surely these people must have acquired immunity to germs through generations of survival of the fittest; or else ignorance is bliss.

At the railway station in Cairo I found a porter from the Windsor Hotel with a telegram I had sent the previous day asking for a reservation, this hotel having been recommended by a British traveller I had met. I was a little disappointed in the outside appearance of the hotel. The lower story was occupied by a shop and the stairs leading to the upper stories were narrow and dark. However, I was given a comfortable room on the second floor, with double windows and a balcony, and bath and toilet directly across the corridor, for \$5 per day. In other words I had far better accommodations and at one-third the cost than I had at Shepard's Hotel on my former visit, and was on the same street and within a block and a half of Shepard's.

After getting settled I took a taxi to the American Consulate, hoping to arrive before 4 p.m. and get some mail, only to be told by the janitor that it always closed at noon on Saturdays. This meant that I would have to wait until Monday for any mail that might have come for me.

It was cold and gloomy in my room when I returned at 5 p.m. There was no lobby, lounge, or smoking room in the hotel. It was a long wait from 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. when supper would be served, and I put in the time reading. The dining room and furnishing were very

(1927, Jan., Cairo.

E--2485.

plain, so plain as to be almost bare. ~~I entered at 9.30 p.m. and~~
~~was the first guest in place~~ The food and service were fair, but
nothing to get excited about. However, after a bottle of wine I
felt more cheerful. *P*After supper I took a walk and found a small
French cabaret. I entered at 9.30 p.m. and was the first customer.
Gradually some rather good looking, painted women entered and dis-
tributed themselves about among the tables. About 10 p.m. music
began, which was very good, and men began to enter. By 11 p.m. the
place was full and there was some dancing on a little stage. It
consisted of slow posturing. I was much disappointed at the dead-
ly solemnity of the whole performance, but stuck it out until mid-
night, and walked back to the hotel through deserted streets.

Sunday, Jan. 23, bright and warmer, after a very cold night.
After breakfast I took a walk through the native quarter, which
was crowded and very dirty. Then I took a taxi and was driven to
Old Cairo, some three or four miles south of modern Cairo. Most of
old Cairo seemed to be undergoing demolition, which was badly needed
to remove a disgraceful blot on the landscape. However, there
still remained a fragment of an old Roman wall, a portion of an
aqueduct, and inside the wall were some very old buildings. The
gate through which visitors were admitted was made of sycamore wood
and had an enormous wooden bolt that was pulled down by a lever.
I paid five cents to see this operate. Then there was an old Cop-
tic church, the oldest mosque in Cairo, and another old church in
the crypt of which the holy family is said to have lived after they
fled from Bethlehem to escape Herod. In the wall of the crypt is
shown a narrow niche in which the infant Jesus is supposed to have
slept, another niche about three feet wide in which Joseph slept, and
another in which the family washing was done. There seemed to be
no provision for the virgin mother, but this was probably an oversight

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of the guides. *P*We drove a short distance to a branch of the Nile and were ferried across to the Isle of Roda. It was formerly a small island, but has silted in below until now it is several miles long. It is between the main channel of the river on one side and a narrow channel on the other called "the canal." It is irrigated, of course, and covered with tropical fruits, palms, oranges, pomegranates, mangoes, etc. Here we inspected the old Nilometer, which is a marble column set in a well that is connected by a tunnel with the river. The column is marked off by a scale so as to show the height of the river as it rises and falls. At the annual flood the river rises 25 to 30 feet rather quickly and then slowly subsides. A second object of interest is a spot pointed out by the guide as the place where the infant Moses was found by the daughter of Pharaoh. Some of the guidebooks say the spot is marked by a palm. My guide pointed to a tamerisk tree as the spot where the basket containing Moses lodged. It was a small ~~cedar~~ tree and could not have been over twenty or thirty years old, but the guide insisted that it was there during his grandfather's time and as far back as the time of Moses.

Returning to the hotel I found the sunshine streaming into my room in a most cheerful manner. Also the porter brought in a large batch of mail for me that had been sent over from the Consulate. After a nap in the afternoon I took another walk. In Cairo one sees a curious conglomeration of well dressed people and beggars. Some squares were exclusively occupied by drinking saloons, others to the ~~V~~ending of meats, others to fruits and vegetables. Other squares had women sitting on the ~~steps~~ door steps, most of them fat and ugly, and those squares seemed to be popular with native men and boys. After supper I wrote letters.

(Mother, Jan. 23, pink folder.

of the bridge. We drove a short distance to a bridge at the side and were turned across to the left of the bridge. It was formerly a small island, but has since been built in below until now it is several miles long. It is between the main channel of the river on one side and a narrow channel on the other called "the canal." It is irrigated, of course, and covered with tropical fruits, palms, oranges, pineapples, etc. There we inspected the old millimeter, which is a marble column set in a wall that is connected by a tunnel with the river. The column is marked off by a scale so as to show the height of the river as it rises and falls. At the annual flood the river rises 25 to 30 feet rather quickly and then slowly subsides. A second object of interest is a spot pointed out by the guide as the place where the infant Moses was found by the daughter of Pharaoh. Some of the guidebooks say the spot is marked by a palm. My guide pointed to a tamarisk tree as the spot where the basket containing Moses lodged. It was a small tree and could not have been over twenty or thirty years old, but the guide insisted that it was there during his grandfather's time and as far back as the time of Moses.

Returning to the hotel I found the swimming streamling into my room in a most cheerful manner. Also the porter brought in a large batch of mail for me that had been sent over from the States. After a nap in the afternoon I took another walk. In Cairo one sees a curious combination of well dressed people and beggars. Some squares were exclusively occupied by drinking saloons, others to the landing of boats, others to fruit and vegetables. Other squares had women sitting on the narrow door steps, most of them fat and ugly, and these squares seemed to be popular with native men and boys. After supper I wrote letters.

"Cairo, Egypt, Sunday, 23 January 1927.

"Dear Mother:

"My last letter home was to Wifey and Ninas January 18 from Beirut, Syria. Just before leaving Beirut I received your letter of December 19, and today I received your letter of December 26; also a letter from Otis of December 27, and two letters from Sister Nellie of December 28 and 30.

"I left Beirut on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 19, on the French steamer Champolion, which is a steamer de luze, and I had a nice large cabin. I was glad to get away from Beirut because the whole city is being torn down, streets widened, and modern buildings erected in place of the old mud-dauber houses and narrow ratty runways of the natives. Just now the city looks as if it had been bombarded and wrecked, and it is difficult to get about. Also the hotel accommodations were abominable, even though they charge New York prices. These nightgowned Syrians are described as a bad lot. Beirut is a center of learning, many nations maintaining schools, colleges, and universities in the town. I am sorry I did not have time to call on the president of the American University. I am curious to know why all the money and effort expended by foreign countries in maintaining these institutions have apparently produced so little effect and why the population apparently is no farther advanced than it was five or ten thousand years ago.

"Thursday we anchored off Jaffa and a long string of boats came off to the ship loaded with boxes of oranges--probably some of them the same oranges I saw the caravans of camels bringing into Jaffa the week before. These will go to France and England. We were too far out in the bay to be able to see much of Jaffa, so I spent the day reading some short stories by Anatole France. One of them was the most delicious story I have read in years. It's a story of a

couple who got deadlly tired of taking Sunday supper with an old and very inquisitive aunt of the wife. Finally the husband balked, absolutely refused to go, and told his wife it was p up to her to make or invent some kind of an excuse. The wife was at her wit's ^{decent} end to frame up an excuse and had not yet thought of anything when the old aunt made her weekly visit and announced that she would send the carriage for them as usual next Sunday. Then the wife announced that they could not come next Sunday. Aunt wanted to know why. Wife happened to look at the unkemp garden outside and on the spur of the moment said that they were expecting the new gardener. Aunt thought it was curious that he was coming Sunday. Wife said he had to work elsewhere on week days. Aunt wanted to know his name. Wife said she thought it was Putois. Aunt said, 'Putois, Putois, I think I have heard of him some time somewhere; is he tall, thin, with a ^{long} pointed nose, bulbous cheeks, pointed ears, ^{beady eyes,} and a villainous look?' 'Yes, certainly,' said the wife. 'Look out for him, I warn you,' said the aunt. 'He'll lie, and steal, and cannot be trusted.' 'That's why we must stay at home when he is here,' said the wife. Then the old aunt started out to sleuth around and get the dots on Putois-- and she succeeded. Then the story relates how crime after crime was fastened on to Putois--^{the imaginary} all the missing pigs, chickens, fruit, flowers and vegetables that were stolen in the community were charged ^{that villain} up to Putois; and last but not least Putois became the reputed father of all the babies found by cooks and servant girls in the cabbage patch or out under the rose bushes. A complete and detailed description of Putois was published in the local paper by the prefecture of police and a reward was offered for his apprehension. But, curiously enough, Putois was never caught, although many people affirmed that they had seen him. It is a charming little story and as funny as anything written by Mark Twain.

"Friday forenoon we reached Alexandria. In the afternoon I hired a motor and was driven out through the residence section of the city to a large park, and around by the great irrigation canal, and back to the Museum and Pompey's Pillar, and around by the seashore. A large part of Alexandria, just as in Beirut, is in ruins owing to the tearing down of old buildings, the widening of the streets, and the erection of new modern buildings.

"Yesterday, Saturday, I made the three hour trip from Alexandria to Cairo in a nice Pullman and had luncheon on the train. After luncheon it was hot and the passengers were all sleepy. However, it was an interesting ride over the flat Nile Delta, with its network of irrigating canals, dotted with mud-dauber villages, and every imaginable kind of contrivance for raising water from the canals to the fields. Most of the fields at this season are green with Berseem, a kind of clover that looks very much like alfalfa. Then, too, the roads are crowded with pedestrians, people riding on funny little donkeys that amble along at a pretty good pace with a man, or two men, or a load weighing as much as the donkey, and the outlandish, absurd, phantastic looking camels, each carrying a one-horse, and sometimes a two-horse load of cotton, sugar cane, or fodder slung on two sides of his peaked hump. Then one sees such funny things. This is a treeless country. For fuel they save up the corn stalks and the cotton stalks and pile them on top of their flat-topped houses. Also one will see native women making patty-cakes with their bare hands out of camel dung, which they first lay out in the sun to dry and then pile up on the tops of their houses, also for fuel. I am told that camels live to be 25 or 30 years old; they can go a week without water or food; they can travel long distanes over the desert; they can carry enormous loads; they are shorn for their hair and they give some milk; and when they become superan-

nuated they are butchered and turned into meat and their hides are used for leather; so they are extremely useful from the time they are born. They are said to have other uses, which I will not mention. And then the little Universal Fords that run about the rough country roads. I saw hundreds of them, but so far as I can remember not one had less than eight full grown passengers--both seats full and both running boards occupied. Fact is, half the population of these oriental countries seem always to be going somewhere--generally on foot. A motor car with only one passenger can hardly get along, because every few hundred yards a pedestrian, seeing an unoccupied seat in the car, gets in the middle of the road and compels the car to stop and begs to be taken on. And that suggests that all these people seem to be by heredity and instinct beggars, BEGGARS, damned beggars, a regular pest, like locusts, or ants, or swarming bees. What they need above all things is a Mussolini to preach the gospel of work and discipline, and to be baptized and rebaptized in hot water and soap, and fumigated, and deloused, etc.etc. This Nile Delta is a rich country; it grows cotton, which can be exchanged in the markets of the world for gold; and the evidence of it is to be seen in the palatial residences of Alexandria and Cairo. But the mass of the people are poor--poorer than our negroes of the South. I often think what would happen if our negroes were transported back to the land of their origin among their own kin folk; I think the first generation would curl up and die of broken hearts.

"I didn't go to Shepheard's Hotel this time--didn't feel like paying fifteen dollars a day for a tomblike room and no heat, but came to the Windsor, recommended to me by an Englishman I met in Jerusalem. The charge here is about \$7.50 a day, ^{with meals} room plain but sunny, no bath and food indifereⁿnt--about a sixth rate hotel in an American country town. A two-cent American cigar here costs 10 to 20 cents. By the

way, all American cigars, South or North, and even Manillas, here are called and labeled 'Havana.'

"Today I went out to Old Cairo, about three miles south of New Cairo, saw a bit of old Roman wall, some columns, the oldest mosque in Cairo, a Greek and a Coptic church, and the grotto in which the Holy Family lived after they fled from Herod at Bethlehem. It's a little place. It has a nich in the wall where the infant Jesus slept, another three feet long and eighteen inches deep in which Joseph slept--he must have been a dwarf--and the nich in which the God-mother did the family washing. Then to the Island of Rhoda, where I saw the Nile-meter and the tree that marks the spot where Pharoah's daughter found Moses.

"Probably I shall be here two weeks for the Cotton Congress.

"Love to all.

"Lee."

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E--2487.

Monday, Jan. 24, clear and warm. After breakfast I took a taxi and went to the headquarters of the Royal Geographical Society which had charge of the arrangements for the International Cotton Congress that the President of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome had asked me to attend as an official observer. The ignorant chauffeur had some difficulty in finding the place. There were several large buildings in a quadrangle and I visited all the wrong ones first. At last I found the library and a young lady attendant who could speak English and she directed me to the Royal Agricultural Society across the river. There I found an office and a group of men. I ^{handed} ~~handed~~ the letter I had received from the Institute to the clerk in charge, who consulted his card index and found that my name had been scratched out and that of Mr. Hobson substituted. ~~When~~ I informed the clerk that Mr. Hobson had left Cairo several weeks previously with no intention of returning. He said he would have to consult the permanent secretary; also that a list of the official delegates had been printed and that it included the name of Mr. Hobson. ^{but not mine} For the moment I was disgusted and a little indignant to think that after breaking my itinerary and losing precious time to comply with the written request of the President of the Institute there should be any question about my status at the cotton conference, and especially indignant that Mr. Hobson, who knew no more about cotton than I did about polar bears and who had no intention whatever of attending the conference, should be listed as the official representative of the Institute. Just as I was about to express my regret that there should be any misunderstanding and then walk out and leave sine die, a ^{man} ~~clerk~~ at the other end of the table who had heard my name mentioned spoke up and said that I was the official delegate of the Institute and handed to the clerk my credentials and instructions. Then there were apologies and I was

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told to call at the Semiramis Hotel the following morning for a badge and documents. The clerk said I would receive an invitation to attend the opening session and also a reception at the King's palace at which full dress was prescribed. This dress suit requirement gave me some concern because I had left my dress suit at Rome, not expecting to run into any official receptions on this trip. I had with me only a Tuxedo, which was quite sufficient for ordinary dinners. I at once called on the American Consul and explained my difficulty. He gave me the name of an English ⁱtailor and an outfitting house in which he was employed where the Consul thought I might be able to rent a dress suit. When I called at the outfitters, however, the tailor said he knew of no place in Cairo where a dress suit could be rented. He suggested that I call at the American Y.M.C.A. where I might be able to borrow a suit. Before leaving the establishment I purchased a pair of white kid gloves and a white tie for the coming event. Then I drove to the American Y.M.C.A. and met the Director, Mr. Tamblyn, to whom I explained my predicament. He took a sympathetic interest in me and invited me to follow him to his private apartments in the same building. There I tried on his dress coat, which fitted me to perfection and which he said I might keep for the duration of my stay. This was generous of him because we were complete strangers and had never met or heard of each other before.

After luncheon I took my dress waistcoat to a tailor to be slightly altered and pressed. It was an old one and no longer fitted and had a way of working up over a stiff shirt bosom and exposing a strip of white between ~~it~~^{the} and the waistband of my trousers that was sometimes embarrassing. The tailor was as good as his promise and the waistcoat was returned to me the same afternoon. Then I looked up a printing establishment and left an order for some busi-

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ness cards in both English and French; bought some cigars, which proved to be the worst I had encountered since the deadly Toscano; and got the prints of the photographs taken in Palestine and Syria, most of which were satisfactory.

At the supper table in the hotel the electric lights went out in that section of the city and we were in complete darkness for a time. The waiters distributed fragments of candles and I used what was left of mine to find my room and get out my flash light. After awhile the lights came on again and I took a short walk on the streets. I circulated about within a few squares of Shepard's Hotel. I saw one place with about thirty gaming machines in operation. It was crowded and the machines were kept going. I walked through a narrow poorly lighted street crowded with men and women. In nearly every doorway were dusky women who invited the men to enter. Neither the street, the people in the street, nor the dusky sirens were attractive. I returned to the hotel and retired early.

Tuesday, Jan. 25, clear and warm. Shortly after 9 a.m. I drove to the Semiramis Hotel where I was given a large envelope containing a neat badge, a program, a list of delegates in which my name appeared as well as Hobson's, invitations to the opening of the Congress, the King's reception, and other functions, and copies of such literature as had been printed. Next I called at the Ministry of Agriculture to see Salaam Ahmed Bey and Dr. Gray, but both were out. However, on the way back to the hotel I caught sight of Dr. Gray on the crowded street. I had the taxi stop and I got out, but in that short interval Dr. Gray had disappeared. I looked for him and was about to give up the search when again I caught sight of him, this time on the other side of the street with his wife. I had them enter the taxi with me and took them to their apartment house. At a signal from Dr. Gray the chauffeur stopped to let them out. In do-

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ing so traffic was momentarily held up in the narrow street. The Grays had no sooner turned their backs than a traffic policeman stepped up, took the number of the car, and told the chauffeur to report to police headquarters. The driver was very nervous and I had difficulty in getting him to move on. He was afraid he would have a fine to pay and said he had a wife and child and could not afford it. He asked me to write a letter that might help him, which I did on arrival at the hotel.

At 11 a.m. I went to the Continental Hotel where I could look across the street to the Royal Opera House. When I saw delegates entering I went over also. I was conducted to a seat on the stage and herded with a group of German delegates who could speak no English and very little French. The theater was crowded with delegates, their wives, friends, and invited guests. The three rows of boxes were occupied by government officials in full uniform and with their wives in full dress. The theater was of medium size, circular, ~~and~~ ^{ed} three rows of boxes extending from one end of the stage around to the other end, and was painted white and decorated with gold. The ceiling was white and gold and blue. The royal box was next to the stage on the left as one entered from the street, or on the right looking from the stage to the audience. All seats in the house were occupied. Shortly after 12 o'clock noon His Majesty, King Fouad I, entered the royal box from the rear. Every one stood up. The King stepped to the front of the box and said in a moderately loud voice, "Le congres est ouvert" (The congress is opened), the shortest announcement I ever heard a public man make, but quite sufficient for the purpose. There was applause as the King sat down at one side of his box facing the stage. My impression of him was that of a middle aged, comfortably fat, and prosperous merchant.

Then the Minister of Agriculture whom I had met on my former visit, H. C. ~~Mahmoud~~ Mohamed Fathalla Barakat Pasha, president of the organizing committee, made the address of welcome in Arabic which was translated into English by an interpreter. He referred to the importance of cotton in human life in general and its particular importance in the few countries in which it is grown and in the centers of its manufacture; he spoke of the distress of the cotton growers and manufacturers because of the tremendous fall in price, due apparently to overproduction and underconsumption; he referred to the legislation restricting the production of cotton in Egypt and expressed the hope that the congress would recommend similar legislation in other producing countries; said that all Egypt hoped that the congress might find some solution for their financial difficulties due to the diminishing demand for cotton; and he welcomed the delegates as guests of the King, the Government, and of the Egyptian people.

The next speaker was the president of the International Federation of Master Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers Association, Mr. Frederick Holroyd. He praised the King, the People, and the climate of Egypt; spoke of the importance of Egyptian cotton and its superior quality; said that ninety per cent of the Egyptian cotton crop was used by the seventeen countries represented in the congress, which included all the principal cotton spinning countries of the world except the United States (which was not officially represented); said that in the course of the meetings his Egyptian friends need not be surprised if the representatives of the spinning associations criticised the deterioration in the quality of Egyptian cotton, its undue content of moisture and foreign impurities; and expressed the hope that both producers and spinners would cooperate in improving the quality of cotton and therefore

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maintain the price, because otherwise the price would unquestionably continue to decline, as it was not humanly reasonable to suppose that the world would pay the same price for an inferior article it had been accustomed to pay for a superior article.

The third and last address was by the vice-president of the Federation, Le Comte Jean de Hempterine. The congress adjourned shortly after 1 p.m.

After luncheon I took a taxi to the American Legation and had a short interview with the Minister, Mr. Hamells, who was very dignified and looked and acted like an old fashioned southerner and rather fussy. He said that Mr. Holt, cotton expert from my bureau in Washington, had called the week before, and that the commercial attache, Mr. Hodgson, had arrived and was about to establish an office. He charged me particularly to get in touch with the commercial attache, and to be with him promptly at 9.30 p.m. for the reception at the palace, so that when the American delegation was called he could present us to the King without any hitch. Also he charged me solemnly that under no circumstances should I come to the palace wearing anything but a full dress suit, patent leather shoes, a silk hat, and an out coat of ~~dark~~ dark color. I protested that while I had the dress suit I did not have a silk hat or an outer coat of dark color, my soft hat and overcoat both being gray. He said that would not do at all. I said, "Excuse me, Mr. Hamells, I know as well as you do that a silk hat and a black overcoat are appropriate to wear with a dress suit to a formal function, but I believe you have been marooned in Egypt so long that you do not know as well as I do that those articles are no longer de rigor in the capitals of Europe and America since the war and that it makes little difference what a gentleman wears with a dress suit, especially at night when he goes directly to the dressing room and checks his hat and

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coat and the other guests see him only in his dress suit. Furthermore, I have already appeared at one official reception of a king in his palace at Rome in a gray office suit. Silk hats have gone out of style and general use and I don't propose to pay twenty dollars for one just to use this evening and then lug it half around the world to get it home. You will have to be resigned to introducing the official representative of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome and the only official representative of the United States Department of Agriculture from Washington in whatever clothes he happens to be wearing when he presents himself. If you won't do it the British Minister will." "Very well," he said in a resigned voice, and I could see that he was much worried. Then he rang for one of the legation flunkeys and instructed him to help me find Mr.Hodgson, the new commercial attache.

We drove first to his residence and learned that he had gone to his office. He was not at his office. Nor was he at the American Consulate. We returned to his office, but he was still out. Then we drove to the office of the Grand Chamberlain at the Abdin Palace where I registered. Next we drove back to the residence of Mr.Hodgson, but both he and his wife were out. I left my card with a note saying I would take the liberty of calling at 9 p.m. After leaving the flunkey at the Legation I drove to the National Hotel and ascertained that Mr.Holt had left four days previously. Then, as a concession to the Minister, I went to an outfitters and bought a black hat, a velvet one, the only kind that was black in color in the establishment. It did not suit my style of beauty and I did not like it, but thought it would pacify the Minister and I could wear it at the farm when I retired in my old age.

At 9 p.m. I called at the residence of Mr.Hodgson and found him, and his wife, and his father and mother engaged in a game of

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cards. They were from Philadelphia and had recently visited Jerusalem. The father immediately began to expatiate on his achievements as an arbitrator of insurance controversies. Mr. Hodgson and I drove back to Shepard's Hotel and picked up a Mr. Chester from Pittsburg, who said he grew up on a farm in Champaign County, Illinois.

The three of us were driven to the Palace Abdin, the three of us alighted and marched solemnly through a cordon of soldiers, and the three of us entered a large salon where we checked out^v hats, coats, and canes. I took particular pains to look at the long array of coats and hats and observed that at least a third of them were not black in color, which made me regret having paid five dollars for a black hat I did not need or want. For decorations we three had only our cotton congress buttons. Then we marched abreast up a long, broad flight of stairs to an enormous hall filled with the officials and dignitaries of many nations, but Egyptians predominated. Most of them were ^{arrayed} ~~dressed~~ in gorgeous uniforms, some with sashes and belts, strung with ribbons^o and hung with medals of many kinds. The great salon with its lofty ceiling was decorated in white and gold and the broad expanse of floor space was covered with a single rug which must have been all of one hundred feet long and sixty feet wide. Along the walls were cushioned seats. To one side was a conservatory at least two hundred feet in length and thirty feet wide, full of palms, ~~ferns~~, tropical plants, roses, and ferns. The walks in this conservatory were covered with velvet carpet and at the cross walks were comfortable seats, little tables, and boxes of Havana cigars and Egyptian and Turkish cigarettes.

Adjoining the conservatory and first hall was a still larger salon with marble tables in the center and on the floor was the

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dollars for a black hat I did not need or want. For decorations
we three had only our cotton congress buttons. Then we marched
up a long, broad flight of stairs to an enormous hall
filled with the officials and dignitaries of many nations, but
dominated by Egyptians. Most of them were wearing in gorgeous
uniforms, some with sashes and belts, others with ribbons and
with medals of many kinds. The great salon with its lofty ceiling
was decorated in white and gold and the broad expanse of floor
space was covered with a single red carpet which must have been all of
one hundred feet long and sixty feet wide. Along the walls were
arranged seats. To one side was a conservatory at least two hun-
dred feet in length and thirty feet wide, full of palms, ferns,
tropical plants, roses, and lilies. The walls in this conservatory
were covered with velvet carpet and at the other walls were com-
fortable seats, little tables, and boxes of Havana cigars and
Egyptian and Turkish cigarettes.

Adjoining the conservatory and that hall was a still larger
salon with marble tables in the center and on the floor was the

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largest rug I have ever seen. The ~~xxx~~ lofty ceiling was decorated in white and gold and on the walls hung portraits of the ancestors of King Fouad. This great salon soon filled up with dignitaries in multicolored uniforms and all sorts of decorations, many of them flashing with jewel~~x~~s. About half of them wore the high red velvet tarbush, the distinctive mark of the high caste Egyptian. About two-thirds of the assembly were men, and the other third European women wearing beautiful evening gowns. It was an animated and beautiful scene.

We were joined by the American Minister, who had with him an elderly woman, a Mrs. Chapman, who appeared to be an invalid and who said she had been coming to Egypt regularly for the last seventeen years. After a time Mr. Hodgson proposed that we have a smoke in the conservatory, which we did. When we returned to the salon we found the different national contingents beginning to group and be lined up in the order of official precedence, each headed by its ambassador or minister. First of all came the British, which was the largest group next to the Egyptians. Our minister and his four American proteges fell in line behind the British. The procession moved slowly into another large salon in the center of which stood the King, large, fat, brown, with short upturned mustache. As we came in the presence of the King our names were called out by the minister and the King shook hands with each of us as we passed quickly by. Then we returned to the great salon and waited until all the other groups came in. ^{PP}The doors of an adjoining salon were then thrown open. At one end was a stage and when the velvet curtains were withdrawn a light opera company was disclosed and a pretty fairy scene was enacted. After the performance the doors of still another salon were opened. This was a most sumptuous salon with rich Moorish and Arabian ornamentation, a veritable Arabian

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E--72496.

Night's dream. On three sides were tables piled high with baked turkeys, ducks, sandwiches, salads, cakes, ⁿbo**u**bons, fruits, ~~champagne~~ ^{of champagne} bottles, and wines, whiskeys, lemonades, fruit punches, ~~every-~~ ^{every-} thing to eat and drink that one could imagine. Back of the tables was a solid row of servants in red livery. Mr. Hodgson and I sampled the champagne, wines and whiskeys. On the way out we stepped into the conservatory for a smoke, ^ubut the cigar and cigarette boxes were empty. At the entrance Mr. Hodgson and I separated, he to go to his home in a different direction, and I to take Mr. Chester back to Shepard's. It was 1 a.m. when I reached my room and I sat up awhile to write up my notes. It had been a satisfactory day--the spectacle of the opening of the cotton congress in the Royal Opera House and the spectacle of the reception at the Palace Abdin, well worth seeing because of the personalities, uniforms, decorations, color, and royal splendor.

Wednesday, Jan. 26, cloudy, cold, and threatening rain.

After breakfast I went to the Royal Geographical Society where the cotton congress was to meet. The hall was well filled when I entered. The accoustics were poor and it was difficult to hear. A number of technical papers were read by their authors on such subjects as "Recent Work on Cotton Improvement in Egypt," "Cotton Seed Distribution in Egypt," "Destruction of the Pink Boll Worm in Cotton Seed," and so on, the Egyptian technicians raising a regular barrage to show that everything possible was being done to maintain or improve the quality of Egyptian cotton. After the reading of this series of papers the member delegates were taken in automobiles to the Egyptian Museum and later to their respective hotels. After luncheon they were taken to the Cotton Research Laboratory, a large building with a staff of technical research workers and apparatus for testing and studying cotton in ~~every~~ every conceivable way. My friend,

My first dream. On these three tables filled with baked
turkeys, ducks, sandwiches, salads, cakes, puddings, fruit, etc.
passing bottles and glasses. Whiskey, brandy, lemonade, fruit punch, etc.
thing to eat and drink that one could imagine. Back of the tables
was a solid row of servants in red liveries. Mr. Hodgson and I sat
pled the champagne, wine and whiskey. On the way out we stepped
into the conservatory for a smoke, but the cigar and cigarette boxes
were empty. At the entrance Mr. Hodgson and I separated, he to go
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to Shepard's. It was 1 a.m. when I reached my room and I sat up
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House and the spectacle of the reception at the Palace Hotel, well
worth seeing because of the personalities, uniforms, decorations,
color, and royal splendor.

Wednesday, Jan. 10, cloudy, cold, and threatening rain.
After breakfast I went to the Royal Geographical Society where the
cotton congress was to meet. The hall was well filled when I en-
tered. The accommodations were poor and it was difficult to hear. A
number of technical papers were read by their authors on such sub-
jects as "Recent work on Cotton Improvement in Egypt," "Cotton Seed
Distribution in Egypt," "Destitution of the Pink Boll Worm in Egi-
pt," and so on. The Egyptian technicians raising a regular
barrage to show that everything possible was being done to maintain
or improve the quality of Egyptian cotton. After the reading of this
series of papers the member delegates were taken in automobiles to
the Egyptian Museum and later to their respective hotels. After
lunch they were taken to the Cotton Research Laboratory, a large
building with a staff of technical research workers and apparatus
for testing and studying cotton. Every conceivable way of testing

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Dr. Gray, had charge of the chemical work. We were taken to the cotton museum of the Royal Horticultural Society where we saw some very complete exhibits of cotton and cotton products, together with material relating to other crops, farm implements, models of machinery for raising water for irrigation, and the like. At 4.30 p.m. refreshments were served in the open air. At 5.30 p.m. a series of lectures was delivered in the assembly hall of the Society. Inasmuch as I was tired, could not hear very well in the large hall, and knew that all the papers read would be reproduced and distributed, I decided to leave after sitting through the first lecture.

At the Cotton Research Laboratory Dr. Gray and I were together most of the time. He explained some of his problems and projects, which were very interesting. One related to the fertility of the Nile valley soils. He said that these soils are very "stiff," some of them running 75 per cent clay, and yet are workable. He was treating them with applications of different preparations of lime and sulphur. He said that all through history the fertility of the Nile lands had been attributed to the annual deposits of sediment from the flood waters of the Nile, but the chemists have measured and analyzed the sediment and found that it amounts to only one millimeter a year and the sediment itself is not as fertile as the soil on which it is deposited, so that neither the quantity nor the quality of the sediment is sufficient to account for the continuous fertility of Egyptian soils. He expressed the opinion that there might be radium in the soil and that its fertility is due to radio activity. Also he said that while on an exploring expedition over the delta looking for petroleum he had discovered a large deposit of sulphur.

After returning to the hotel and resting a bit I took a stroll down the boulevard and back through side streets to see the native

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street life. It was dark and dull and not very interesting. Again after supper I took another walk. Some of the streets were ~~g~~ full of native men who were boisterous. At one place I saw a little girl not more than six or eight years ~~N~~ old. She wore a red jacket and black knickers, and her black hair was tousled. She had the delicate features, complexion, and bright eyes of a little Hindoo child. She ran ahead^a of me a few paces and then turned two hand-springs for my entertainment. Then she smiled and held out a little hand and said distinctly "Give me une pennie." I gave her half a piaster, which pleased her greatly. Continuing my walk I noted that the streets had become deserted and that the French cabaret had not a single customer at that hour. There seemed to be no such thing as a music hall or theater with lively music and dancing. However, there was a considerable area not far from the hotel that was full of gay women, mostly negroes, who sat outside their doors and invited men to enter. Sometimes they even went so far as to run out and catch a man by the arm and try to drag him in. Rarely did these rough tactics succeed, but each such attempt and failure usually excited more or less interest in the onlookers. As a rule the women looked disappointed and sullen.

Thursday, Jan. 27, very cold, cloudy and threatening rain. At 9.30 a.m. I went to Shepard's Hotel and found a seat in a Cook's automobile with others. We were taken through the city to Cook's landing on the river where we were given tickets to the steamer "Mammon" bound for the great Barrage some fifteen or twenty miles below Cairo. The boat soon filled up with delegates and left at 10.30 a.m., arriving at the Barrage at 12.30 p.m. I got acquainted with a Mr. Barritt who said he had been with the International Institute of Agriculture from 1912 to 1916, with whom I sat most of the way, and he introduced me to a number of acquaintances. It was

street life. It was dark and still and very interesting. Again
at a moment I took another walk. Some of the streets were full
of native men and were very busy. I saw a little
girl not more than six or eight years old. She wore a red jacket
and black trousers, and her black hair was pulled up. She had the
delicate features, complexion, and bright eyes of a little London
child. She ran ahead of me a few paces and then turned two hands-
omings for my entertainment. Then she walked and held out a little
hand and said distinctly "Give me the piece." I gave her half
a piaster, which pleased her greatly. Continuing my walk I noted
that the streets had become deserted and that the French embassy
had not a single customer at that hour. There seemed to be no such
thing as a music hall or theater with lively music and dancing.

However, there was a considerable area not far from the hotel
that was full of gay women, mostly negroes, who sat outside their
doors and invited men to enter. Sometimes they even went so far
as to run out and catch a man by the arm and try to drag him in.
Rarely did these rough looking women succeed, but each such attempt and
failure usually excited more or less interest in the onlookers. As
a rule the women looked disappointed and evil.

Thursday, Jan. 18, very cold, cloudy and threatening rain.
At 9.30 a.m. I went to Howard's Hotel and found a seat in a Cook's
automobile with others. We were taken through the city to Cook's
landing on the river where we were given tickets to the steamer
"Hannon" bound for the great Suddes some fifteen or twenty miles
below Cairo. The boat soon filled up with delegates and left at
10.30 a.m., arriving at the Suddes at 12.30 p.m. I got acquainted
with a Mr. Barlett who said he had been with the International In-
stitute of Agriculture from 1912 to 1916, with whom I had most of
the way, and he introduced me to a number of acquaintances. It was

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cloudy, gloomy, and very cold, and correspondingly depressing. At 11.30 a.m. luncheon was served, and a very good one it was. However, the wine was extra and for a bottle one had to pay 35 piasters (about \$1.75). It was nearly 1 p.m. when we arrived at the landing at the Barrage. ^PThe Barrage is a great dam in the form of a bridge made of brick and stone with great iron gates that can be raised or lowered to control the flow of the Nile ~~Water~~ through the delta region below. There was a considerable difference in the level of the water above and below the dam and the water flows swiftly through the openings. At the east end of the Barrage was a park and garden, and at the west end was an Arab village. In addition to a wagon road and sidewalks over the bridge there was a small tramway on which little cars with a seating capacity of four were propelled by native runners. The bridge, or dam, was apparently about a ^{quarter of a} mile long. The runners push the little cars across at a rapid trot without apparent effort. ^PI crossed the bridge to the Arab village at the other end. I found that by smiling and speaking French in a friendly way I could get along nicely. The people were quite accommodating in letting me take snap shots of them. As I went about I gradually accumulated an entourage. By ~~the~~ the time I reached the lower end of the mud-dauber village I had a following of about thirty-five, mostly boys and girls of school age. I lined them all up for a photograph. There was one group of four or five girls carrying babies that fled precipitately. As I approached the head of the bridge where a crowd had collected my entourage began to clamor for "Bucksheeth." I bought a package of cigarettes which I distributed among the older ones. I made my escape by hiring for one piaster a little boy who spoke English to tell the others that I had nothing for them and that if they wanted money from visitors they would have to learn how to speak English. The little fel-

any, windy, and very cold, and notwithstanding this, at 1.30 p.m. lunch was served, and a very good one it was. However, the wine was extra and for a bottle one had to pay 25 glass (about 1.75). It was nearly 1 p.m. when we arrived at the inn at the Barge. The Barge is a great deal in the form of a bridge made of brick and stone with great iron gates that can be raised or lowered to control the flow of the Nile. Water through the delta region below. There was a considerable difference in the level of the water above and below the dam and the water flows swiftly through the opening. At the east end of the Barge was a park and garden, and at the west end was an Arab village. In addition to a wagon road and sidewalks over the bridge there was a small tramway on which little cars with a seating capacity of four were propelled by native runners. The bridge, or dam, was apparently about 1000 ft. long. The runners push the little cars across at a rapid trot without apparent effort. I crossed the bridge to the Arab village at the other end. I found that by walking and speaking French in a friendly way I could get along nicely. The people were quite accommodating in letting me take snapshots of them. As I went about I gradually accumulated an entourage. By the time I reached the lower end of the mud-bank village I had a following of about thirty-five, mostly boys and girls of school age. I lined them all up for a snapshot. There was one group of four or five girls carrying babies that I also photographed. As I approached the head of the bridge where a crowd had collected my entourage began to clamor for "Bichkasheth". I pointed a policeman at a distance whom I distributed among the older ones. I was my escape by giving for one instant a little boy who spoke English to tell the others that I had nothing for them and that if they wanted money from visitors they would have to learn how to make money. The little girl-

(1927, Jan, Cairo.

E--2500.

low talked proudly and valiantly to his companions and my tormenting entourage melted and dispersed to concentrate upon more promising victims. I walked back across the bridge.

At the eastern end a native performer was entertaining a large crowd with juggling tricks. He was very skillful and held the attention of his audience. He was especially good at making things appear and disappear in the open air before one's eyes.

Our party boarded the steamer for the return trip at 3.30 p. m. and we landed at Cairo at 5³⁰/p.m.

After a ~~short~~^{brief} rest in my cold room I took a short walk. I stepped into a little saloon on a side street, took a chair and a small table, and ordered a whiskey and soda. It was brought by a pretty Syrian bar maid. She took a chair by my side, and when I consented to pay for a drink for her she smiled and tried to make herself agreeable. As a final reward for the drink she slipped into my lap, kissed me, and asked me to come again. Then she left to wait upon and entertain another customer. She was an attractive little woman and as a barmaid was a huge success. I thought to myself, "Just suppose all the bars in the world were attended by pretty barmaids and all these barmaids were trained to entertain customers as this one tried to entertain me, what dispensers of joy and how popular they would be. Why! our reform sisters would be forced to adopt somewhat the same tactics to survive--which wouldn't be a bad idea either."

At the hotel I had a simple supper and spent the evening writing.

(Thelma, Jan.27, pink folder.

(Otis, same✓

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(1927, Jan. Cairo.
Friday

E--2501.

~~Thursday~~ Thursday, Jan. 28, clear and cold, with high wind.

At the cotton congress I listened to a number of technical papers, ^{such as} on "The Commercial History of Egyptian Cotton," "The Economic Problems Relating to Egyptian Cotton," and so on. One paper on "Cost of Growing Egyptian Cotton," brought on a lively discussion because the author contended that it was impossible to arrive at the average cost of production, and representatives of the spinners were insistent that if the spinners could tell within a fraction of a cent the cost of spinning a pound of cotton there could be no valid reason why the growers could not say exactly what it cost to grow a pound of cotton. The technician said it was because growing cotton is a biological problem in which the essential factors are never the same, while the spinning of cotton is simply a mechanical process wholly within control and the factors vary but little. One of the spinners said in an exasperated tone of voice that the spinners were tired of being always told that Egyptian cotton was grown at a loss, because if it were grown at a loss, why didn't they stop growing it, and the growers could not expect anybody to believe they were always losing money until they stopped growing it altogether or else produced authentic statistics and cost data in support of their statement.

The session closed at 12.30 p.m. and the delegates got into waiting automobiles. The procession was held up at the bridge for awhile because the draw was open to let some of the tall masted boats through. On the other side we passed through the park of palms and acacia trees, past the Zoological Park, past villages, and across the berseem and palm covered plain, to the Mena House near the pyramids. ^PHere the congress reassembled. At 1.30 p.m. the dining room was thrown open. It was a large and well proportioned and decorative dining room. The tables were all set and on each table were piles of fluffy white cotton with tiny electric bulbs inside,

(1927, Jan. Cairo.

E--2502.

and large vases full of cotton stalks the branches of which were hung with the filmy locks of the natural cotton. Up above in the dome and on the walls were great ⁿcoruscopias made of open cotton bolls, stalks, and festoons of cotton hanging from them, all lit up with tiny red electric lights. At each plate on the tables was a bunch of newly sprouted cotton, fresh and green, each leaf somewhat larger than a clover leaf. These decorations of cotton were unique, beautiful, and highly appropriate.

The luncheon was elegant in every respect; the food was delicious, the service prompt and systematic, the wines and cigars were excellent, as was the ⁿmusic furnished by an orchestra.

A young Englishman sat at my left. I asked him about the oriental concert the previous evening to which the delegates had been invited and which I did not attend. He said I was wise in staying away because it proved to be such a monotonous and displeasing performance that no European could endure it for more than half an hour; also there were three long intermissions of more than half an hour each that were very tiresome.

At the close of the luncheon there were congratulatory ~~speech~~ speeches by the ^President of the ^Spinners ^Association and by the Minister of Agriculture. Then we passed out. The garden of the hotel was full of flowers, bougainvillas, roses, pansies, gaillardias, palms, and other tropical plants. It was a most attractive spot, all the more attractive by contrast with the surrounding desert.

The next feature of the program was a camel ride to the pyramids. I mounted one of these big beasts as he lay on the ground and looked around at me with a malignant eye, and I clutched my heavy stick firmly so as to be ready to defend myself if he should take a notion to bite. At a word of command the creature heaved up in

and large hall of cotton against the branches of which were
 hung the tiny lights of the natural cotton. Up above in the
 dome and on the walls were great conchoidal made of open cotton
 balls, stalks, and festoons of cotton hanging from them, all lit
 up with tiny red electric lights. At each plate on the table was
 a bunch of newly sprouted cotton, fresh and green, each had some-
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 away because it proved to be such a monotonous and disappointing per-
 formance that no foreigner could endure it for more than half an
 hour; also there were three long intermissions of more than half
 an hour each that were very tiresome.

At the close of the luncheon there were two satisfactory ex-
 positions by the President of the American Association and by the
 Minister of Agriculture. Then we passed out. The garden of the
 hotel was full of flowers, bougainvillea, roses, geraniums, palmer
 trees, palms, and other tropical plants. It was a most attractive
 spot, all the more attractive by contrast with the surrounding de-
 sert.

The next feature of the program was a camel ride to the pyra-
 mids. I mounted one of these big beasts as he lay on the ground and
 looked around at me with a malignant eye, and I climbed my heavy
 stick firmly so as to be ready to defend myself if he should take
 a notion to bite. At a word of command the creature heaved up in

(1927, Jan.) Cairo.

E--2503.

front and shook himself, heaved up behind and again shook himself, and then swayed up and down and crosswise until he finally balanced himself on his four spraddling legs. Again he twisted his snake-like neck around, gave me a baleful look, and twitched his tail spitefully. The caravan started for the pyramids, a quarter of a mile distant. I found that by relaxing like a jelly fish it was rather easy riding. We stopped first at the great pyramid, Cheops, and then down around the Sphinx and back. The motion of the camel was such as to cause one's trousers to creep up. In the case of the lady riders there was an interesting display of silk stockings, shapely legs, and lingerie. However, every one enjoyed the short ride and most of them were as hilarious as children

I dismounted at the side of Cheops and started to climb up outside. A guide clambered after me and said that he was an official watchman and that no one was permitted to ascend alone because of the danger. I laughed at him and accused him of simply wanting a fee. However, when he explained that the climb involved severe physical exertion to any one not accustomed to it, not only because of the height but because the individual stone blocks or steps were too high to reach from one to the other with one's knee without jumping, and there was always danger of slipping, and therefore a guide could be of great assistance, I consented to take him on. The vertical height was said to be 480 feet. The great limestone blocks are laid stairstep fashion. Each block^K is three or four feet high--too high to lift one's leg from one to another. It is therefore necessary to climb from one to another, and this soon becomes very tiresome. It was a real^a advantage to have a nimble guide to pull or push one up. I insisted on frequent rests, which I found necessary because the exercise was violent. ^POn reaching the top I felt rewarded. My first impression on looking down was ^{of} the steepness of the sides. From the

(1927, Jan. Cairo.

E--2504.

bottom it looks like a pyramid, that is, the slope seems to be at an angle of 45 degrees; but from the top it looks more like a church steeple, as if one could jump entirely clear of the pyramid, or if he should stumble and fall there would be nothing to stop him.^P The next impression was of the magnificence of the view. To the north-east across the green floor of the Nile valley one saw the whole city of Cairo with the hills and sand dunes of the Nubian desert beyond, the mosques, minarets, and walls of the citadel, the canals, the long narrow line of the road between the Mena House and the city, the great palm groves, the villages, the automobiles, the camels, buffaloes, donkeys, and the pedestrians crawling at a snail's pace along the road like so many insects. To the north one saw the flat, treeless, green delta, dotted with more villages and palm groves, and green fields of berseem stretching away to the horizon. To the west and south one sees only vast stretches of sand, dunes, mountains and valleys of sand, yellow and wrinkled into wavelets by the desert winds. To the southeast about six miles one sees a great palm forest in which is Sakara on the Nile near the site of the old city of Memphis, and far away to the south a group of pyramids. Almost at the foot of Cheops one looks down upon the Sphinx and the temples and tombs that have been exposed by recent excavations. Immediately to the west was a great cemetery of tombs that had been so exposed. The top of the pyramid was constructed of large limestone blocks that looked to be nine feet long and three feet wide and thick. All of them were carved and scratched with the names or initials of former visitors.

The top of the pyramid had been removed and there was a flat space perhaps thirty feet square. A native had a small alcohol lamp with which he heated coffee and tea. I sat down to rest while I drank a cup of tea. The colors of the desert sand were wonderful.

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E--2505.

The brilliant sunshine was reflected in great golden splashes, the shadows of the clouds seemed to be a deep purple, and the clouds themselves against the deep blue of the sky overhead showed purple underneath, rainbow pink on the sides, and dazzling white on top.

Several other men got part way up the pyramid, stopped to rest, and turned back. The guide said ^{that} the day before an elderly gentleman had attempted the climb, became dizzy, lost his balance, fell and was killed. I could not understand why the Egyptian government did not have comfortable steps on one side of the pyramid, or install an elevator in the interior, for the convenience of visitors, unless it be their thought that it would further deface one of the wonders of the world and deprive a small band of natives from earning a livelihood as guides and helpers. Also it might destroy one's vivid impression of the enormous magnitude of the great monument..

When we reached the bottom one of the numerous sheiks approached and the guide asked me to pay him secretly so that he would not have to divide his earnings. He said that in any case he would have to divide with the sheik, but if the sheik did not know how much he got he could drive a better bargain. I paid him the equivalent of a dollar and considered that he had earned it.

I walked across to the hotel and got a seat in one of the auto-buses and was soon back in the city. After resting a bit I went out for a stroll. I stopped at a large restaurant on the street back of Shepard's and had a whiskey and soda. Two attractive young French women invited themselves to sit at the table with me. When for the sake of looking at them I consented to pay for a drink apiece they showed a lively disposition to become affectionate. However, they were agreeable and behaved with propriety when I came to leave.

I had an excellent supper at the hotel. Shortly after supper a brother of Dr. Salto of my Rome office called. Together we went to

(1927, Jan. Cairo.

E--2506.

a restaurant and had a whiskey and soda ~~together~~ and he told me many things about Egypt. He said, among other things, that while the natives cannot read or write they keep informed daily of the prices of cotton. They are keen traders. All calculations are made mentally and they seldom make mistakes.

Saturday, Jan. 29, clear and pleasant. I had planned to go with the other delegates on an excursion to a country estate in the Delta. The train was to leave at 8 a.m. Before retiring at night I had charged my mind to get up at 6.30 a.m. It was 6.30 by my watch when I arose, dressed leisurely, had breakfast, and walked over to Shepard's hotel to take one of Cook's buses to the station. There I was shocked to see that the Shepard clock was nearly an hour ahead of my watch. The buses had gone, but there was just a chance that I might catch the train. I hastened out. Not a taxi in sight. I walked up the street without seeing any. The minutes were passing. A guide offered to get me an auto and I told him to go ahead. He returned with one in a few minutes. We made a quick run to the station. I paid the driver, ran through the station, and caught sight of the tail end of the special train bearing the delegates disappearing down the track. I missed it by about thirty seconds, had incurred extra expense, all because my watch had unaccountably lost nearly an hour the previous day and night, because the hotel at which I was stopping had no clock hanging on the wall, and because taxies were scarce just at that hour. I was much disappointed, but even more chagrined at the behaviour of my watch and at the combination of circumstances that had prevented me from doing what I had planned to do. I was not only missing an enjoyable excursion, but somehow the day looked long and blank before me. I first took the watch to a repair shop for attention, and then wrote letters until lunch time.

After luncheon I went to the American Consulate and left a

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E--2507.

forwarding address. On the way back I stopped at the Ministry of Finance and had a talk with Mr. Craig,, director of statistics, who gave me some letters of introduction to friends. I bought a supply of cigars and got my watch back. Then had a nap.

It was dark when I went out on the street for a walk and adventure. I stopped at the little saloon with the Syrian barmaid. She waited on me, sat with me awhile, and tried to make herself agreeable. Again on the street I met the little fairy Arab tumbling girl. She saw me first and approached with two astonishing hand springs, landed in front of me out of breath, and with a smile took my hand in a confiding way. Just to see what would happen I let her lead me unresistingly and without explanation. The little mite seemed greatly pleased at having captured me and kept smiling and chattering as we went along, but I could understand little that she said because it was a mixture of Arabian, French, and English. She conducted me to a forlorn little restaurant on a side street. We took seats at a little table. She, a little girl no more than six or eight years old, sat up very prim and straight and motioned to the corpulent mistress of the establishment. The landlady asked what I wanted. I said, "The little lady will give the order." The "little lady" understood and said "The gentleman will have a whiskey and soda, and a cider for me." The proprietress looked at me inquiringly and I nodded confirmation. The "little lady" was in high feather and her eyes sparkled when the drinks were brought. It was curious to see the air of disdain and condescension with which she dismissed the proprietress after we had been served. The proprietress grinned broadly when I smiled at her and it was clear that she understood that we were playing a game. The Y "little lady" put on airs, chatted steadily, and from time to time looked at me with big eyes. She let it be known that she would like another cider, which I ordered

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E--2508.

after the proprietress had assured me that it was not intoxicating. I don't know what the "cider" was, but to me it looked suspiciously like red lemonade. After this second cider she asked for a chocolate soda and some little cakes. While eating these the "little lady" said that when she had finished we would both go to her room. I demurred at this, reminding her that she was still quite young. Then she put on airs of offended dignity. This so amused me and the landlady that we were both inconsiderate enough to laugh, which greatly offended the child. However, I gave her a small coin and she was mollified. I asked her where ~~she~~ how she had learned to capture gentlemen on the street and take them to her room for entertainment and she replied that she had seen her sister do it. I asked other questions about her home life, but she resented questioning and pretended not to understand. When I arose to depart she said she would meet me at the same place and hour every day I was in Cairo. She said it was "Bon, tres bon; v-e-r-y good." As I walked back to my hotel I wondered ~~if the little girl had~~ whether I had contributed to her demoralization or she ^{to} mine, what would happen to her if she fell into the hands of a Children's Aid Society or a New England spinster, and how she would make out in school. I rather suspect she would have been happiest in a circus. And I wondered who had taught her to turn handsprings so beautifully. I rather wished I had made a daylight rendezvous with her so that I might have taken a photograph of her, because she was a faery little sprite.

Sunday, Jan. 30, bright morning and hot afternoon. After breakfast I went to Shepard's and at 9.30 a.m. left in a Cook's bus for the steamer landing on the other side of the river above a bridge opposite the Semiramis Hotel. At 10 a.m. the Cook's steamer proceeded up the Nile to Sakahara. The river was cut up into many channels by numerous islands and sand bars. For a considerable distance houses

(1927, Jan. ~~Sairo~~. Sakahara.

E--2509.

were to be seen on both banks. We went under a bridge and passed the Isle of Rhoda where I again caught sight of the little tree that the guide said marked the spot where the basket with Moses in it was found; on past the river port, which is half a mile long and the bank is covered with limestone steps in front of which was a large fleet of Nile boats with their extraordinarily tall masts; past a great penitentiary that looked large enough to house the inhabitants of a small city, but not the criminal population of Egypt; past a great sugar mill, and arrived at the Sakahara landing about 1 p.m. The distance was six or eight miles. There was a strong current in the river. On the east side of the river about five miles away were limestone bluffs and cliffs in which were many openings of caves, some circular and some arched. On the western side were miles of date palm groves. Always the pyramids of Ghiza and of Memphis were in sight. We had luncheon on the boat.

At the landing we climbed a high mud bank and found a long line of donkeys, a few automobiles, and a few two-wheeled carts. Thinking of the Texas pony days of my youth and the feel of a saddle, I foolishly elected to ride a donkey, as did most of the others. The donkey I selected was a little one and the hardest riding beast I ever bestrode. Also the strapping young negro who seemed to belong to my donkey, or perhaps the donkey belonged to him, had a melancholy disposition. He was long legged, barefooted, and with a big stick beat the donkey first into a jolting trot and then into a wild swaying gallop--but most of the time in a jiggety-jig, jiggety-jig trot that was maddening because it was so rough and wholly beyond my control. A good beating would urge the donkey into a joggy trot and a heavy beating into an up-and-down gallop, and the moment the beating stopped he would subside into the jiggety-jig trot, which gradually slackened into a walk, a slow walk, a barely perceptible

(1927, Sakahara, Jan.

E;; 2510.

walk, and then, unless the stick was applied, into a dead stop. The stirrups of my saddle were entirely too long and I could not reach them. The donkey boy did not understand English or French and I could not explain the trouble to him and, of course, being a negroe, he did not have sense enough to see the trouble it caused me. I had once prided myself on the ability to ~~ride~~ anything with four legs bareback, but nearly fifty years had elapsed and my old instinctive skill was gone. I sat on the ^cback of the little beast like a sack of meal and it did not take me long to realize that I was in for a most unmerciful pounding and punishment. Had it not been for the shame of it I would have slid off and walked. My trousers quickly worked themselves up to my knees. It was excessively hot and very dusty. Decidedly I was most unhappy. Rather, I was suffering torture and it continued from the time we left the landing until we returned. It became simply a question of endurance.

However, misery loves company, and I had plenty of company. If I, a light weight active man who had once been a rider, was suffering, what were the agonies of the elderly fat men and women who had never been in the saddle? I could only imagine it from the redness of their faces and the perspiration than^t streamed from them. So I got some consolation from watching my fellow delegates and their wives, old and young, short and tall, fat and slim, shaken and bounced up and down in the hot sun like corn in a popper. Clothing was in disarray, trousers creeping up above the knees, skirts up about the waist line, silk stockings, bare legs, and dainty panties exposed shamelessly to view. There were all kinds of legs, long ones, short ones, slim ones and fat ones; and various devices for keeping stockings from coming down, gart^ters of different colors, suspenders from above; and some of the stockings were long and went nearly to the hips, and others were rolled just above the knee; and the same with

panties, some were short and others somewhat longer. Altogether it was a great leg show, viewed with interest by the white gentlemen in the party, and lustfully by the negro donkey men. I half suspected that it was this leg show that made the negro boys and men beat their donkeys into a frenzied gallop periodically because I noticed that the beatings and gallopings always came immediately after the women had adjusted their skirts. Curiously enough the women did not seem to mind it at all. Not one of them fainted, not one of them screamed, not one of them looked at a gentleman with a stony stare or accused him of insulting her when he looked at her with her skirts above her hips. All of which made me think that perhaps there is a good deal of bunk about feminine modesty.

The first mile was through a great palm grove past ~~xxxxArabxxxx~~ a native village. At one place we saw some ancient statues, colossal in size, lying prone upon the ground under the palm trees. One of them was surrounded by mud walls with a horde of rapacious natives standing at the entrance and demanding "Bucksheeth." Along the road native children yelled "Bucksheeth." Before we had gone two miles the mulish driver of my donkey would let the little beast slow up, fall behind the procession, and come to a full stop, and, standing threateningly at its head, demand "Bucksheeth." I told him in both French and English that his services were paid for by Cook's agency and the government and that if he continued to demand extra pay he would get in trouble. He was cool and threatening. The procession had passed on and we were alone in the edge of the palm grove. I was angry at being held up. I had with me my heavy stick with a solid metal knob on the end. With it I struck at the driver viciously, but he leaped back in time to escape being knocked down. Then I belabored the donkey in the customary place and it responded and got under way and the driver fell sulkily behind. We passed through another native village of mud huts at a wild gallop, then a primitive mill,

(1927, Jan. Sakahara.

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er native village of mud huts at a wild gallop, then a primitive mill, and then out into the open valley with fields of wheat and berseem, across drainage and irrigation canals which we followed for half a mile, and then turned west directly into the sand hills, and for a mile or more passed over a raised dirt road between fields set with endless rows of corn stalks with vegetables planted between them. At last, in heat, dust, and misery, we came to the foot of the sand hills and dunes. Seven or more small pyramids were in sight, mostly dilapidated. Then we climbed slowly through soft sand up to a higher level and could see what was left of old Memphis, ancient capital of Egypt, now fallen into complete ruin and having the appearance of a succession of sand dunes, mixed with pebbles, stones, bricks, and great quantities of broken tile and crockery. Out among these sand dunes and rubbish heaps, under a blazing sun, it was hot, exceedingly hot, surely over 90 degrees fahrenheit.

We halted in badly disorganized condition at a cheap roadhouse in the middle of the sand dune region. There was no leader and no one to tell the members of the party what they were expected to see or do. My own particular jewel of a guide apparently understood only one word, "Bucksheeth." I saw a procession of people following a native and I joined it. Soon we came to an opening in the sand that appeared to have been excavated. It had some stone steps leading down that were half covered with drifted sand. At the foot of the steps we entered a broad doorway into a dark corridor, the walls and ceiling of which were of white sandstone and covered from floor to ceiling with beautiful relief work picturing the life of the Egyptian people thousands of years ago. The corridors were narrow, there were many of them, and the ceilings were about ^{twelve} ~~sixteen~~ feet high. The corridors ^{intersections} were lit with electric lights and looked like the streets of an underground city. ~~I followed the crowd until we~~

(1927, Jan., Memphis.

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~~came to another opening in the sand.~~ Below I was told by one of the delegates that we were to see the tombs of the sacred bulls. It was a network of underground tunnels through solid limestone about sixteen feet wide and twelve feet high with arched ceilings and at intervals were chambers in which were the tombs, or sarcophagi. These were enormous granite boxes about fifteen feet long and nine feet high and wide, the outer surfaces of which were polished like mirrors. There many such chambers and sarcophagi. The darkness was dense in these underground corridors, *except for electric lights at intersections a block apart,* and each visitor was given a candle.

(Straighten out this electric light and candle business. My notes and recollection are distinct as to both---think perhaps there were two series of corridors, the first with electric lights, and the second without).

It was quite a sight to see the long procession of candle lights flickering for a distance of more than a city block.

On reaching the surface I made the donkey boy understand that I wanted to start immediately, my thought being that if we started early we might make the return trip more leisurely and comfortably. It was somewhat easier, but not much. The donkey would be permitted to walk perhaps the distance of two or three city blocks and then with a yell and a round of blows he would be lashed into a violent jump and a frenzied gallop, which would subside into an excruciating jiggety trot that would gradually peter out into a snail's pace, which gave me an opportunity to catch my breath and be in readiness for the next spasm of activity.

Shortly after 4 p.m. we reached the river landing and the torture of the trip was over. The donkey boy tried to stop a hundred yards or more before reaching the landing (to again) ask for the "Buck-sheeth" that had worried him all the way. I threaten~~ed~~ to hit him over the head with my stick and he sullenly proceeded to the landing. There I gave him the equivalent of fifty cents, which I thought per-

haps he had earned, from his point of view, in addition to what Cook's agency was to pay him. He accepted the money sullenly, and then began to protest. This was too much and, grabbing my stick, I jumped for him. He fled ignominiously and I chased him a short distance and was hopelessly outfitted. The other donkey boys looked on with mingled feelings, some sullen and resentful, others with grins and guffaws.

It was with a sigh of relief that I regained the deck of the steamer and sank into a chair. Many others had preceeded me, and still others came straggling in later. The talk was all about the unnecessary discomforts of the trip and the lack of good management in not providing some one to keep the savage donkey boys in order and direct the movements of the party.

The ride back to Cairo after our disagreeable experience was enjoyable. The river was as smooth as glass, covered with the three cornered sails of the Nile boats, and beyond were the white cliffs with the black caverns in them. Soon after 6 p.m. we approached the upper bridge. It was closed. The boat's syren signaled. Then it made a grand circle to give the operator time to swing the draw. In doing so we ran aground on a ~~max~~ submerged mud bank. Here was a pretty to do. We were all tired and looking forward to reaching our hotels. It was dark and getting cold. Also we were getting impatient. The boat exhausted most of her steam backing and filling in an effort to slide off the bank. Then a smaller boat came to her aid. A hawser was passed. Then followed much chugging and churning of the water and the emission of great volumes of smoke from the funnels. After half an hour the boat slid noiselessly and softly off the mud bank and began to drift in the stream. Another half hour was consumed in getting the boat alongside her pier. Automobiles were waiting for us and we were soon whisked

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to our hotels. It was 7.30 p.m. when I reached my hotel, where a good stiff drink of cognac and a smoke put me in better humor. I had a fairly good supper, but was too tired either to write or go to the official soiree; so I retired early to sleep soundly.

Monday, Jan. 31, clear and pleasant. I slept right through to 7 a.m., had a bath and breakfast, and reached the cotton congress in time for the opening of the session. Papers were read on "Irrigation," and other topics, including crop reporting. One of the British delegates criticised the crop reporting system of Egypt and specifically charged that the reports were not issued on the dates set in advance and did not correctly forecast the size of the crop. An Egyptian official said one of the difficulties in estimating the crop was the fact that the natives always underestimated production about thirty percent lest their taxes be increased. One suggestion was that the Egyptian government could well afford to send a representative to the United States to study the magnificent crop-reporting system developed in that country. Naturally I was gratified to hear that suggestion from an Englishman, because I had for ten years been concerned in bringing about improvement in that system, of which I was ^{official} the nominal head. Although I was not an official delegate and had no right to the floor, I obtained recognition and said that as an official of the United States Department of Agriculture I could assure the Egyptian government and every other government that any representative sent to Washington would be welcomed and every facility afforded for study; also, that as a representative of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome I could assure them that any delegate to the cotton congress or representative of any government would be more than welcome at the headquarters of the Institute and that the original data and the whole procedure of handling the cotton reports would be explained to them; and lastly that

to our hotel. It was 7.30 p.m. when I reached my hotel, where a good stiff drink of cognac and a smoke put me in better humor. I had a fairly good supper, but was too tired either to write or go to the official dinner; so I retired early to sleep soundly.

Monday, Jan. 22, clear and pleasant. I slept most of the night to 7 a.m., had a bath and breakfast, and reached the cotton congress in time for the opening of the session. Papers were read on "Liberation," and other topics, including crop reporting. One of the British delegates criticized the crop reporting system of Egypt and suggested changes that the reports were not based on the dates set in advance and did not correctly forecast the size of the crop. An Egyptian official said one of the difficulties in estimating the crop was the fact that the natives always underestimated production about thirty percent less than the actual. One suggestion was that the Egyptian government could well afford to send a representative to the United States to study the excellent crop-reporting system developed in that country. Naturally I was gratified to hear that suggestion from an Egyptian, because I had for ten years been concerned in bringing about improvement in that system, of which I was the nominal head. Although I was not an official delegate and had no right to the floor, I obtained recognition and said that as an official of the United States Department of Agriculture I could assure the Egyptian government and every other government that any representative sent to Washington would be welcomed and every facility afforded for study; also, that as a representative of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome I could assure them that any delegate to the cotton congress or representative of any government would be most warmly welcomed at the headquarters of the Institute and that the original data and the whole procedure of making the cotton reports would be explained to them; and finally that

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the sole desire of the officials of the Institute and of the U.S. Department of Agriculture was to cooperate with all agencies to the end that we might have dependable, comparable, and satisfactory statistics. This sallie met with instant applause. An Egyptian speaker said he would be glad to have an outline of the crop^{reporting} system followed in the United States. I stood up instantly, prepared to give a brief summary of the system, but the presiding officer recognized Mr.^{Arnold}/Pearce, Secretary of the Spinners Association, who gave a brief but accurate outline. Then I gained the floor, complimented Mr.Pearce on the accuracy of his statement and said that I simply wished to confirm what Mr.Pearce had said, and that while I would be glad to answer any questions about the system followed in the United States I would not take up further time. This statement met with evident approval, especially from the British delegation. Then followed a long and tiresome discussion of cotton statistics.

On the bus from the hotel to the congress I rode with Mr. Tomlinson, statistician of the London Board of Trade, and on the return trip I rode with Mr.Pearce. Both were very cordial. At my hotel I received mail, one informing me that Mr.Tenny had been appointed chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, and one from the Secretary General of the Institute transmitting stickers for my baggage that would exempt it ~~gt~~from customs examination in attending the cotton congress as a guest of the Egyptian government.

After an unsatisfactory luncheon I wrote a report to the Secretary General. On my way out I stopped at the hotel desk to inquire what my bill would^dbe and was told it would be 100 piasters a day. "Service included," I asked. "No, ten per cent additional," was the reply. I protested because there was no notice posted to that effect in the hotel and I had already given some tips. On the street I was pestered by a little girl who sold chocolates, who spoke a

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little English, who refused to take no for an answer, and who followed me for more than two squares. I very much wanted to spank her, but in lieu of that privilege gave her half a piaster to get rid of her. I stopped at Cook's to cash a check, and then returned to do some more writing.

I walked across to Shepard's where we were to take Cook's motorbuses, but they did not come. At 7.50 p.m. automobiles were requisitioned and we were driven several miles through strange streets and through suburbs to the Heliopolis Hotel. It was to be a formal banquet and the gentlemen were all in evening dress and the ladies in flimsy evening gowns. The hotel was one of the finest I had seen, constructed of white limestone with beautiful marble columns, with oriental decorations, and spacious ward rooms for men on one side of the entrance and for ladies on the other. Then came a great central circular hall or rotunda like a cathedral or capitol building, three or more stories in height, with beautiful black and white marble pillars and balustrades. On either side were large salons with soft rugs, cushioned divans, easy chairs, and smoking tables. Next was the great banquet hall. On the second floor were other great salons and a magnificent dining room corresponding to the first floor.

Our banquet was laid in the great circular dining^{room}. Most of the tables were occupied when we entered. I sat with Einin Bey and his wife, who was a beautiful little lady but could ^P speak no English and very little French. Another gentleman and his wife sat at the table with us. Einin Bey was the phytopathologist of the Royal Horticultural Gardens and ~~who~~ wanted very much to visit the United States. The banquet was a brilliant and highly satisfactory affair. After the wines and cigars were served the Minister of Agriculture led off with a complimentary address, followed by equally

little English, was refused to take us for an interview, and who followed me for more than two hours. I very much wanted to speak to her, but in fear of that privilege gave her half a guinea to get rid of her. I stopped at Cook's to catch a check, and then returned to the hotel.

I walked across to Chaperon's where we were to take Cook's motorcar, but they did not come. At 7.50 p.m. motorcars were registered and we were driven several miles through strange streets and through suburbs to the Helwan Hotel. It was to be a formal banquet and the gentlemen were all in evening dress and the ladies in black evening gowns. The hotel was one of the finest I had seen, constructed of white limestone with beautiful marble columns, with oriental decorations, and spacious airy rooms for men on one side of the entrance and for ladies on the other. There was a great central circular hall or rotunda like a cathedral or cathedral building, three or more stories in height, with beautiful black and white marble pillars and balustrades. On either side were large salons with soft rugs, cushioned divans, easy chairs, and smoking tables. Next was the great banquet hall. On the second floor were other great salons and a magnificent dining room corresponding to the first floor.

Our banquet was laid in the great circular dining. Next on the tables were occupied when we entered. I sat with Miss B. and his wife, who was a beautiful little lady but could speak no English and very little French. Another gentleman and his wife sat at the table with us. Miss B. was the wife of the Royal Horticultural Gardens and was wanted very much to visit the United States. The banquet was a brilliant and highly satisfactory affair. After the wine and cigars were served the Minister of Agriculture led off with a complimentary address, followed by several

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complimentary speeches by other speakers in English, French, German, Italian, and Japanese. After the speakers ran out the hall was cleared for dancing. Altogether it was a brilliant affair.

It was late when I reached my room, and then I stopped to ^Pack up so as to avoid delay in the morning.

~~(Dragoni, Jan. 31, pink folder. omit~~

~~(Wife, same.~~

